

THE LONDON MAGAZINE:



Or, GENTLEMAN's Monthly Intelligencer.

For J U N E, 1783.

Address to the Readers of the London Magazine	259
Memoirs of His Grace the Duke of Portland	260
Observations on Mr. Madan's Thelyphthora	261
A Dissent from a late Sentence of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland	263
Remarks on News-papers	264
Observations on a Passage in the Dunciad	265
Defactory Thoughts on Atheism	266
Original Letters, &c.	268
—On the Destination of Man	269
—On a Clerical Politician	270
—Pudery and Mysticism	271
—Gallantry and Devotion	272
Rural Solitude	273
Navigation	274
Autumn	ibid.
Sensibility	275
—Mortifying Views of Life	276
The History of the Nightingale	277
—The Subject of ancient as well as modern Poetry	278
The Life of Mr. Spalding	ibid.
—His Merits	279
Ambition	ibid.
A Character of Pericles, a famous Orator	281
Oratorical Gesticulation	282

The History of the present Session of Parliament	ibid.
—Resolutions on the Peace	283
—Debated	284
—Carried	289
Dr. Johnson's Mode of Writing	ibid.
The Hymn-chorusick, No. LXIX.	ibid.
—The Antiquity and Utility of Oaths	290
—Curse and Swearing reprobated	291
—Inglefield's Narrative commended	ibid.
—Connection of Swearing with Manners	292
REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS	293
—Pictures of the Heart, &c.	ibid.
—Bishop Atterbury's Miscellanies	ibid.
—Oglevie on Infidelity	294
—The American Wanderer	ibid.
—Farmer on the Worship of Human Spirits	ibid.
—The modern Art of Love	ibid.
—The Constitution of the American States	295
POETICAL ESSAYS	ibid.
The Rising Leaf	ibid.
The Author's Epitaph	296
Another on a Lady	ibid.
Poems by the late Mr. Gray	ibid.
Moonlight	ibid.
The Quack	297
THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER	ibid.

With the following Embellishments, viz,

An excellent Engraving of His Grace the DUKE of PORTLAND,

AND

A fine perspective View of THORNDON-PLACE, the Seat of LORD PETRE.

LONDON: Printed for R. BALDWIN, at No. 47, Pater-Noster-Row.
Of whom may be had complete Sets, from the Year 1732 to the present Time, ready bound and stitched, or any single Volume to complete Sets.

A D D R E S S

To the READERS of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE Proprietors beg leave to inform their readers, that the future numbers of the LONDON MAGAZINE, a work, which has enjoyed the patronage of a generous public for above half a century, will be printed on a new type, and conducted on an enlarged and improved plan.

On account of these circumstances, as they presume that the value of their work will be considerably increased, as well as its size, they trust, that no reader will complain if the original price of each number be raised to One Shilling.

For some years past, the narrow limits imposed by the usual price have prevented the Proprietors from executing their plans in such a manner, as to give satisfaction either to themselves or to the public. In the present age, indeed, such an advancement must be acknowledged to be necessary, in order to render a MAGAZINE worthy the attention of readers of taste and judgement.

The motives that have induced the Proprietors to make this trial of their influence with the public, as well as the particulars of their plans of improvement, will be laid before their readers, in the next number.

They wish it, however, in the mean time to be known, that they have engaged writers of ability, who have never been employed in the conduct of their former Magazine, to superintend these new departments, and to execute these improved plans, ably and vigorously.

With such assistants, they hope to promote the cause of literature, and to open fresh avenues to science. With letters and philosophy likewise, they propose to unite entertainment and politics, by the insertion of miscellaneous papers, and a short view of the amusements and national history of the times.

They invite, therefore, correspondents of all denominations to their standard, and will be happy to communicate productions of utility and genius to the Public, through the channel of the NEW LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE,
FOR JUNE, 1783.

MEMOIRS OF HIS GRACE WILLIAM HENRY CAVENDISH
BENTINCK, THE PRESENT DUKE OF PORTLAND, FIRST LORD
OF THE TREASURY.

(With a beautiful portrait of his likeness.)


THE recent elevation of this illustrious nobleman to the highest department of state, renders some account of him an article of publick utility. Such is the great and leading object to which we would ever render the embellishments of our periodical miscellany religiously subservient.

His Grace the Duke of Portland is great grandson of Mr. Bentinck, a native of Overysel in Holland, and gentleman of the bedchamber to William the illustrious Prince of Orange, who deemed his services in this domestick capacity adequate to the reward of a peerage.

This nobleman is now in the prime of life. He was born on the 14th of April, 1738. His mother was Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, only daughter and heiress of Edward Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer. His education was not inferior to the dignity of his rank and the extent of his fortune.

While only Lord William Bentinck he was returned at the general election in 1761, one of the members for Wobly, in Herefordshire. He continued, however, but a very short time in the Lower House; succeeding to the inheritance of his paternal honours, on the death of his father, in May 1762. His brother, Lord Edward Charles Cavendish Bentinck, is now member for Nottingham; and his Grace has likewise two sisters, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish Bentinck, married in May 1759, to Thomas Viscount Weymouth; and Lady Henrietta Cavendish Ben-

tinek (who was one of the supporters of the Queen's train at the royal nuptials in 1761) married in May 1763, to George Henry Earl of Stamford. On the 8th of November, 1766, his Grace was married to Lady Dorothy Cavendish, daughter of the late and sister of the present Duke of Devonshire, by whom he has had issue, William Henry, born the 29th of June, 1768, called Marquis of Tichfield—Charles William, born July 1st, 1770, who died the 24th of the same month—Henry William, born the 26th of August, 1771, who died the 11th of September following—William, born the 14th of December, 1774—Lady Charlotte, born the 3d of October, 1775, and another daughter born in 1778.

His Grace of Portland has not given any remarkable proof of splendid political abilities, but the steadiness of his attachment to Whig principles, and the most essential rights of the people, certainly stamp a value upon his character. He had the honour to act with the Rockingham administration in the earlier periods of the present reign, and was appointed Lord Chamberlain of the household in 1765, but on a change of ministry which took place the subsequent year, he quitted his Majesty's service with the rest of his colleagues.

The grant of the forest of Inglewood in Cumberland, and of the socage of Carlisle, in 1767, which had been upwards of seventy years in the Duke of Portland's family, and enabled his Grace to nominate his own members for Cumberland, furnished for a long time a topic of political discussion, as well as a wide field of legal investigation. Nor is it to us at all surprising that

Lond. Mag. June 1783.



His GRACE the DUKE of
P O R T L A N D.



that an administration who wished to extirpate the Whig interest should extend the arm of oppression to one of its most zealous and generous supporters.

The month of April, 1782, formed a new epoch in the annals of Britain. On the 10th of that month, his Grace was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. During the short period of his government in the sister kingdom, his conduct certainly met with the approbation both of his Sovereign and the people. In these times, however, of ministerial fluctuation, neither popularity nor royal favour can long secure the possession of important offices. The rupture which affected the cabinet on the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, extended its influence to his Grace, who was superseded on the 15th of September, in the same year, by Earl Temple. His Grace's disposition is peculiarly amiable and benign. He is known to be a good husband and kind father. His hospitality and benevolence are singular and exemplary. He is a favourite with all the country gentlemen round Welbeck, his place

of residence, in Nottinghamshire. His liberality and munificence have been largely and often extended to men of genius and merit in every profession.

On the late formation of a new ministry, it was agreed on all sides that his Grace from the predilection he has always shown to the Rockingham party, his extensive influence, great family connexions, and eminent private virtues, was perhaps better qualified than any other to preside at the head of the Treasury. The publick can yet form no just idea of his talents. But whatever these were, his personal virtues are in great publick estimation; and the people who form the arrangement, at the head of which his Grace is situated, are certainly among the ablest and most respectable in the kingdom. We may, therefore, congratulate our country on the seasonable appointment of such an administration as is calculated to gratify the wishes of the people, to restore publick tranquillity, and, if possible, to recover the strength and spirit of the nation.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

MR. Madan's *Thelyphthora*, like other strange things, had its day. Whether the notice taken of it flattered or mortified the vanity of the author, I know not. He would have been disappointed, no doubt, and not a little chagrined if a publication of so singular a nature, and which cost him so many years laborious study, had attracted no notice and passed silently down that obscure stream which conveys so many abortions of the press to the dull lake of forgetfulness. However, the notice taken of it was not such as was calculated to gratify the pride of an author, or the zeal of a reformer. Some shuddered at the introduction of libertinism, by a path from which it had been excluded by the common consent of good men, and almost the general acknowledgement of the wicked and profligate. Others failed to see the priest act the part of a pimp to debauchery; but few were, on the whole, pleased with the performance itself. It was not learned enough for learned men, and for superficial readers it was too dull.

But I need not dwell on the nature or merits of a work which hath already been sufficiently exposed to the public by several learned and ingenious writers: and as it now ceases to excite curiosity, and will, in all probability, never more be awakened from the heavy sleep that hath fallen on it, it would be idle and useless to trouble myself or the reader with any long or minute discussions on a subject so little calculated to instruct or to amuse.

There is, however, justice due to the worst men: and the worst writers have a claim to impartial criticism. I do not think that Mr. Madan was treated unfairly, though very severely, by the critic who so much distinguished himself in the Monthly Review on this occasion. I think he represented the argument in its just light, and combated it, with an indignant spirit indeed, but with a strict regard to truth. Mr. Madan in his answer could not charge the Reviewer with false quotations, or with any thing that had a tendency to tax the critic with wilful misrepresentations of his own principles, or perversions

sions of those of other writers.—One thing, however, hath since struck me, which I think the Reviewer was not apprized of. If he had, I have little doubt but he would ingenuously have acknowledged it.

He satirically observes that "Mr. Madan is not indeed the *first* Protestant writer who hath stood forth the champion of Polygamy on the holy ground of Scripture. *Bernardinus Ochinus* had the honour of preceding him in this truly redoubtable enterprize. With a zeal as ardent, and ends as Quixotic as our hero's, he waged war with custom, and nobly burst through the prescriptions of authority." Did the reviewer reflect that a greater man than Ochinus abetted the same cause? Did he reflect that *LUTHER* himself, if not a *Quixotte* in the enterprize, yet was in the ranks to fight like any other volunteer in defence of the object of it? If he had reflected on this, he would not have said that "Mr. Madan pushed the liberty of the Gospel beyond the bounds which Luther had prescribed to it: and boldly stepped forward to complete what the reformation had but partially effected." Not that I think the authority of Martin Luther to be in the slightest degree superior to the authority of the Apostate Capuchin: but if Mr. Madan is to have the honour of a predecessor in this glorious enterprize, candour will give him—at least not the very worst that prejudice itself could have selected: for excepting *Westley Hall* (not forgotten by the critic) there could not be selected a name that would more effectually bring disgrace on a cause than the name of *Ochinus*. Though I hate the principles of *Thelyphthora* as cordially as the Reviewer (and he hath my sincerest thanks for what he hath done to blast the growth of the most corrupt weed that the rankest soil ever produced) yet I am unwilling that it should be denied any honour that it is fairly entitled to, or robbed of any support it can honestly claim. The following passage is quoted from this work by the Reviewer; and it is a passage that hath been more talked of and more resented and execrated by the ladies, than any other in all the three volumes: "It is to be feared (says this *arch* casuist) that there are not a few females, who (hicks others *metropolis*)

take advantage of the poor husband's situation to use him as they please: and this for pretty much the same reason why the *afs* in the fable insulted and kicked the poor old lion—because it is not in their power to resent it as they *ought*. The advice which King *Ahasuerus* received from his wise men, upon *Queen Vashti's* disobedience, would have an excellent effect could it be followed." The instance is very much to the purpose of *Thelyphthora*, and the fable is introduced with equal art and dexterity. The fable indeed is not applied by the great reformer *Martin Luther*, to things that *are*: but the instance is quoted by him to illustrate things that *ought to be*. So curious a matter is perhaps totally unknown to the generality of Protestants: but it is highly improper that *Martin the younger* should run away with all the honour of a discovery so flattering to the pride and lust of man.—I must, by the way, observe, that it was never found in *the house that JACK built*.

In a sermon on the nature and obligations of marriage preached at *Wittenberg* in the year 1532, and printed in the seventh volume of his works (1557) page 123. The elder *Martin* gives the following advice to husbands who are yoked with those refractory wives that will not practice the obedience they have vowed. "In such a case (says *Luther*) it will be pat and to the purpose for the husband to say—*'Be obstinate if you please: another may be more compliable.* If the mistress refuses, let the maid be called to supply her place. If after all she persists in her fulkiness and will not come to, send her off, and instead of *Vashti* take *Esther*, according to the example of King *Ahasuerus*." *Hic oportunum est ut Maritus dicat: Si tu nolueris, alia volet. Si DOMINA nolit, veniat ANCILLA. Si tum renuat, repudia eam: et in vicem VASHTI, ESTHER surroga, Assueri Regis exemplo.*

After all it must be confessed, that the author of *Thelyphthora* hath excelled all his predecessors, so that "if *LUTHER* is to be rewarded sevenfold, surely *MADAN* seventy and sevenfold. But the nature and proportion of the reward I shall leave to the ladies."

Your constant reader,
JUSTUS.

A DISSENT

A DISSENT FROM A LATE SENTENCE OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

THE law of patronage in the Kirk of Scotland being at present a very popular topic of conversation, the following paper deserves to be recorded as expressing the sentiments of those who struggle for a repeal of it in very strong language:

REASONS of dissent from a sentence of the General Assembly, rejecting a motion made in consequence of two overtures from the Synods of Fife, and of Perth and Stirling, to this effect, viz. "That the Assembly would adopt such measures as they in their wisdom should think proper for obtaining a repeal of the act concerning patronage, 1712, and a restoration of the act 1690." The motion being in substance to collect the sense of presbyteries, and by their means that of the gentlemen of the country, of the universities, and of the royal burghs of Scotland upon that subject.

I. We dissent, because the proposal to take the sense of the church, and as far as it could be done, of the country, upon this interesting subject, being most fair and reasonable, but that it should have met the feelings and obtained the approbation of men of all descriptions.—No decision of the Assembly upon a controverted point was desired, no immediate application to the legislature for an alteration upon a part of our ecclesiastical constitution was urged; the motion went no farther than that all bodies of men having interest in the question, should be furnished with a proper opportunity of delivering their opinion. To reject such a proposal the dissenters cannot help considering, as not only harsh and unreasonable, but in the highest degree unwise and impolitic.

II. Because this sentence has an immediate tendency to destroy all confidence in and respect for the supreme ecclesiastical court in the minds of the people of this country. The Church of Scotland having uniformly declared patronage to be a grievance, and an invasion of our constitutional rights, it is an undoubted fact that the sentiments and feelings of a very great part of the people of Scotland are perfectly

expressed by this language of the church. As it is contended by the friends of patronage that in many parts of this country the people satisfied with that mode of settling ministers are in perfect peace, and that probably the major part of the inhabitants of this country wishing for the abolition of patronage, they should be allowed a proper and constitutional mode of saying this. If, on the contrary, they do not wish for a repeal of this law, or if but few in comparison feel that desire, a fair method was here proposed of ascertaining that this is the fact, and if so, it would then be high time to put an end to all controversy upon the subject, and it would become the duty and endeavour of all parties to produce an universal submission to the law as it stands. By refusing to give such opportunity to the various bodies of men having interest in the question, the dissenters are obliged reluctantly to entertain the idea that the majority of this assembly suspect that the result of such consultation would be unfavourable to that system of ecclesiastical government, which they have long patronized—that they are determined to pay no respect to the voice of their countrymen, but with an high hand to persevere in obstructing upon them the exercise of an odious law, which, however favourable to the views of ambitious and designing individuals, they have experienced to be most tyrannical and oppressive.

III. We dissent, because in our opinion this sentence tends to excite and to cherish those very heats and that fermentation in the country, the apprehension of which was assigned as one great reason for rejecting the motion. In many parts of Scotland the people have declared a determined resolution to carry on this matter till it shall be brought to a decision before the legislature.—A vote of the Assembly, carried by a small majority (nine) it is apprehended will not shake their purpose. Whereas, had the Assembly shewn a becoming tenderness upon this subject, to the desires of many numerous bodies, as well as respectable individuals of the church—

church—had they treated the subject with the gravity and respect which the importance of it demanded (as in order to put an end to all debate concerning this matter in other meetings, it was often promised by individuals, and even by some of the present majority, that the assembly would do so) in particular, had they agreed to the present motion, or adopted some other prudent measures for collecting the sentiments of the church and of the country—the people, considering in their wisdom and sincerity, would in all probability have left the cause to their management, and quietly waited the issue.—But when they shall learn from this decision, that a majority of General Assemblies, seemingly afraid of the issue of such a consultation, are determined to pay no attention to their complaints, and give no aid to their endeavours to obtain a constitutional redress of their grievance, what can be expected but that they should follow the same course which they appear to have done in cases of the violent intrusion of ministers, and, instead of coming to assemblies, seek for relief, by measures which they will find within their own power; and such measures they may adopt, as however much both sides of this house may

regret, it may be totally beyond their power to prevent.

Signed by the following gentlemen: Mr. Bryce Johnstone, Mr. A. Crosbie, Mr. James Burns, Mr. Robertson of Callander, Mr. A. Duff, Baillie Walker, Mr. Harry Inglis, Mr. Archibald Lawson, Mr. John Monteith, jun. Baillie Dan. Miller, Mr. Grierson of Merwhern, Baillie Galloway, Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. John Matthison, Mr. Fraser of Kirkhill, Mr. David Dickson, Mr. Thompson at Sanquhar, Mr. Alex. Dobie, Mr. Hugh Jamieson, Mr. John Morrison, Mr. Robert Buchannan, Mr. William Aird, Mr. Lewis Dunbar, Mr. Bruce of Forfar, Mr. Innes at Yester, Mr. A. Hutton, Mr. George Brown, Mr. Alexander Waugh, Mr. James M^{ill}an, Mr. John Miller, Mr. David Davidson, Mr. James Wright, Mr. James Wallace, Mr. Joseph Baird, Baillie Gentle, Mr. John Scott, Mr. Robert Ramsay, Baillie Hutton, Mr. William Adam, Mr. Colin Campbell, Mr. David Kemp, Mr. John Haddaway, Mr. Charles Nisbet, Mr. Thomas Randall, Mr. Rich. Lake, Mr. Scott at Stitchell, Mr. John Shepherd, Mr. John Dickson.—Total 48.

REMARKS ON NEWS-PAPERS.

O tempora! O mores!

MR. EDITOR,

I lately paid a visit to your great metropolis, upon some private business, and being desirous of knowing what was doing in the busy world, I kept into a coffee-house to read the newspapers, but, alas! what between the rattling of the carriages without, and supercilious chitchat of three or four young pragmatical coxcombs within, I could not understand hardly a word I read, nor attend to the different subjects presented to my view: that this complaint is too common and frequently made by the promoters of good manners, regularity, and decorum, I persuade myself no one will deny.—

However, though I could not pay a proper attention to what I read, I could not help observing one particular circumstance respecting most of

the papers I took in hand, and that was, their first three columns were principally taken up by advertisements of different places of public amusements and diversions; a very melancholy proof of the dissipation of the age, and the depravity of the times; how little concern must there be in the breasts of those, who frequent these places, for the welfare of their own immortal souls, or the sins of a guilty nation of which they are a part; alas! well may it be said by the lips of divine truth, *There are none that considereth or seeketh after good, they are all gone out of the way; broad is the gate, and wide is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that goeth in thereat.*

I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c.

THE RURAL CHRISTIAN.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS ON A PASSAGE IN MR. POPE'S DUNCIAD.

Thro' school and college, thy kind *cloud o'ercast*,
Sate and unseen this young *Æneas* past;
Thence *bursting glorious*, all at once *let down*,
Stunn'd with his giddy *larum* half the town.

HERE is a confusion of images. The objects of two distinct senses run into one another, and make up a very unnatural compound of SEEING and HEARING. The young *Æneas* bursting forth from a cloud and spending his whole stock of light and glory by one sudden blaze, might have been much better illustrated by a *bad made rocket*, than by a *giddy, rattling larum*. Perhaps the poet will be justified by some on the supposition, that there are two images in the lines, which though united in the same comparison, yet are not so blended as to be lost in one another, but are kept perfectly distinct. The "*bursting glorious*" (it may be said) refers to the PERSON; the "*Stunning the town with his giddy larum*," to his QUALIFICATIONS. In other words, we must figure to ourselves the young genius shining most splendidly (like the sun out of a cloud) with an alarum in his hands, the splendor vanishing, and the alarum, set in motion by him, stopped all at once.

I am convinced the poet meant to convey no such image as this: if he did, he hath not managed it with his usual accuracy and clearness of expression. He says, that the young *Æneas* himself bursting glorious from a cloud, was all at once *let down*. Thus it is evident he makes the larum the direct image of the person, and represents the young hero as falling in the same sudden and confused manner. The glorious figure he made hath nothing to do with his being let down. The poet seems to have been betrayed into this inconsistency by the equivocal word *bursting*, which may be applied either to the sense of *seeing* or *hearing*. A sudden blaze of light is said to burst upon the *eyes*, and a loud noise is also said to burst upon the *ear*. A poet, however, who would be accurate in his allusions, should never blind the objects of two distinct senses, without marking their divisions in the same line.

As no poet ever studied propriety
LOND. MAC. June, 1783.

more than Mr. Pope, in his *allusions* and *metaphors*, so none ever exceeded him in the choice and application of them. We may say the same of his expressions—they are in general made up of the best words—such as convey most meaning within the smallest compass. Indeed almost every word hath its weight; and the least of Mr. Pope's faults is redundancy and tautology.

He hath been particularly celebrated for the *melody of his lines*. I believe it was never equalled—at least, with such uniformity in pieces of any considerable length. I am certain it never was approached in *didactic* poems, however, he may have been rivalled in this respect, by some poets who have followed him in the line of *description*, and perhaps of *satire*.

Mr. Pope is in general very happy in his *rhymes*:—but there are many exceptions to this acknowledgment. I could point them out: but two of the most flagrant (and yet I never saw them noticed) occur in poems, that one would have imagined had undergone the nicest revisal. In the *Essay on Criticism* we have the following couplet:

Unfinish'd things one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal.

Pronounce the last word as you please, you can make no rhyme between *cal* and *call*. Nor can you make, what was intended for a rhyme in the following couplet, turn to any better account: nay, I know not but that it is still worse, if it can be, than the former. Speaking of Sir Balaam, in his *moral epistle on the use of riches*, he says,

—All the demon makes his full descent,
In one abundant shower of cent per cent.

These strictures are not designed to depreciate the merit of this distinguished poet. He hath not a warmer admirer than myself, and I despair of ever seeing him equalled. From the turn that poetry hath taken of late years, there

is no prospect of it. But though I esteem a writer, I would not follow him with stupid admiration, and make no distinction between his excellencies and his defects. We may be strongly af-

fected with the former, and yet not be insensible of the latter. He that would praise should be able to judge; and he that judges well, must be able to distinguish.

B.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON A LATE ATHEISTICAL PUBLICATION.

And reason downwards till they doubt of God! DUNCIAD.

MY curiosity to read Mr. Hammon's vindication of Atheism was excited by the account given of that work in the *Monthly Review*. The critic hath lashed it with great severity, and exposed the author to merited scorn for his rude attack on the common sense, and universal opinions of mankind. When I had read the performance (which I did quite through, with mingled fatigue, disgust, and abhorrence) I found that the Reviewer's account of it was perfectly right—that the writer had only gone over the old track of Atheism; and that all that was *new* in it, was only a greater share of impudence than his predecessors seem to have been possessed of. All his sophisms have been anticipated: and all have been answered. But I do not take up my pen to enter into a debate with an Atheist, either on theological or metaphysical grounds. As neither the Atheist nor myself could advance any thing that had not been much better said by others, the debate would be needless; or if it were not so, a Magazine would be an improper stage for us to exhibit our feats upon.

Leaving Mr. Hammon in the hands of Dr. Priestley to be scourged for a dull and superficial *reasoner*; I will only consider him in a political light, and enquire what claim such a writer hath to the esteem of society, and the protection of the magistrate.

I do not wish to see him prosecuted. I would not pay *him* such a compliment; nor offer *religion* such a slight. He expresses some apprehensions of this sort in his letter to Dr. Priestley. But I think the alarm, if not affected, was totally groundless. He is not an object of sufficient consequence. I hope he will not have any adventitious importance conferred on him by this preposi-

terous method of strangling his puny offspring. They will soon die of themselves. But though I grant this man indulgence—not because he deserves it, but because it is more prudent to let him alone; though I think it is in itself a matter of little moment whether Mr. Hammon be an atheist or not, or whether he speak or hold his tongue, yet I think it is of some consequence to the general interest and peace of society, that the belief of a God should not be insulted and outraged by every impudent pretender to reason; by every upstart, who to vent his malignity or exhibit his singularity, cares not a straw what injury he doth to the minds and morals of mankind. "For what is he to the world or what is the world to him?" Perhaps *nothing*. But what then? The world is something to itself. If you can do society no good, ought it not, for its own sake, to prevent you from doing it any harm. Now you, Mr. Atheist, or "whatever title" of insult to the opinions and established systems and laws of mankind, "please your ear," tell me *what* could tempt you to rack your poor brains to sink man into a beast, and annihilate the DEITY himself? You had doubtless *some* motive. *What* was it? Could it be the good of society? Impossible. Is the interest of society to be promoted by the removal of what hath been universally regarded as a prevailing inducement to the discharge of duties to which society is indebted for much of the good order it enjoys; or at least a powerful check on the commission of those evils which tend to throw it into confusion? And whence arises this persuasion of the utility of believing in a God? Whence but from an experience of its good effect? Its tendency is beneficial in theory; and the theory hath been

been confirmed by events. The good of society cannot be an Atheist's object. The happiness of the human species cannot surely be promoted when some of the greater sources of it are cut off. Is it for the interest of mankind to have their best support in affliction removed: their only hope in death destroyed? The pretence would be an insult on their understandings, and only aggravate the offence. Atheism, then, can draw no plea from utility. It cannot form one plausible apology on the ground of expedience: It dares not even pretend that the world would be the better or the happier if philosophy could exclude the Deity from it. What then can be the Atheist's motive? Is it *truth*? But will the gain of it be a recompence for what mankind will lose by it? Is there enough in it of essential good to balance the evils that will necessarily arise from the propagation of it? I speak politically. I am not reasoning about abstract propositions; I am talking as a member of society, about the pernicious tendency of certain principles when reduced to practice. I suppose an Atheist (an avowed Atheist, like Mr. William Hammon) will scarcely have the assurance to plead *conscience*; though I will not engage for his modesty at any rate, for he hath had the effrontery to appeal to his *honour*, and in the same sentence too in which he disclaimed all belief in the being of a God! But I will give him credit for so much decency and respect for the public opinion, as not to suppose that he will provoke the laugh against him so far, as to plead *conscience*: for he must know himself, and he must be convinced that all the world take it for granted, that conscience hath nothing to do with a man who doth not believe there is a God. He may have his hopes and his fears, his wishes and aversions, like other men, because like other men, he hath his *interests*. But the *conscience* of an Atheist is such a solecism, as cannot be exceeded by any absurdity or contradiction into which fancy or folly ever hurried the blindest and maddest of their children.

An *Enthusiast* may, indeed, say—"I am not to consult what is commonly called the peace of society. It is a false peace, I will disturb it in order to procure a better; and that *better* peace founded on truth will acquire stability,

and in the event be established by the hand that directs me to the present mission, notwithstanding the confusion into which people may be thrown for a short period. Infinite wisdom presides over all, and directs every occurrence to one great end. But it is not for me to enquire into the *reasons* of the divine conduct; or *why* such apparently discordant measures should be necessary to produce the harmony of the whole system. It is enough for me to believe they will. I am to be content with pursuing the direction of conscience, indifferent about every other subordinate consideration: I prize its admonitions too much to slight them. I believe them to be the voice of God speaking within me; and I am warned of the dreadful consequences that must inevitably follow an obstinate disobedience of its commands."

However delusive this reasoning may be in a thousand cases, where conscience hath been made a plea for schism, usurpation, and rebellion, yet it hath some colour of truth, and some claim to indulgence. But what plea can an Atheist make for his attempts to unsettle the only and original ground on which all religions of all states are founded? The last plea to which all *other reformers* are driven, can avail him nothing. He denies the *principle*; surely he cannot plead the *privilege*.

I will not enter into the magistrate's right over speculative opinions; I mean, over the public avowal and dissemination of them. The question is a very delicate one, and the discussion of it is hazardous, because it is so difficult to guard it from conclusions that might either infringe on liberty or give an unbounded scope to licentiousness. The magistrate hath no right over conscience. But the magistrate is the guardian of society, and let the advocates for *free thinking* say what they will, I must confess it to be my settled opinion (and I trust not hastily taken up) that he is authorized, on the broad ground of civil polity, to do all in his power to *prevent* the injury that may accrue to society from the publication of books that are avowedly atheistical, as well as those that are of an indecent and immoral tendency.

He is not to wait till the injury *hath* been effected. He is to crush it at once that it *may not* take effect. If he doth

not exert himself for this beneficial Purpose, it is not that he *ought* not to do it of *right*, but because he may judge it *politic* not to exercise that right. He doth not give up his *authority*, he only waves the *execution* of it. It may be expedient to let an atheistical work sink into obscurity by taking no notice of it, and by suffering the writer to remain unmolested. But, if the work is likely to produce very prejudicial effects to the interest of society, the magistrate is warranted by *right* and by *prudence*, to put a stop to its circulation in such a manner as he shall judge most likely to answer the ends of good government. A book, then, that comes forth in *direct opposition* to the LAWS and STATUTES of the realm, and which *can* have no possible plea of conscience or utility, surely must solicit the protection of government with a very ill grace, and with no good grace can it complain of its resentment. An Atheist who doth not (and who boldly and openly declares he doth not) believe the mind to be constituted by a divine power, nor answerable at a divine tribunal, must resolve all moral obligation into mutual compact, civil convenience, and the institutes of human polity. He cannot go a step farther in his concessions on the question of *duty* and *obligation*. Now what may the magistrate lay to him on the footing of his *own* principles, when he attempts to unseat the order of society, by running counter to those laws which the state hath wisely framed to support and guard it? "All apology is suspended: all complaint recoils on yourself (he may justly say) you was forewarned of this, and yet your pride or folly would not suffer you to be at rest. The peace of society is not to be sacrificed to your singularities. You must be very unreasonable to expect it. For *who* are

you: and what is your merit, that a sacrifice so great should be made merely for the sake of giving you licence and encouraging a vain or turbulent spirit? As an individual you had a right to protection, till you forfeited it by interrupting the peace of the community with which you was connected, without doing any thing in return that would compensate for the evil, or had even the plea of serving its interests. What you did in a wanton hour must be corrected in a serious one. To secure the welfare of society, we must punish the individual who would injure it. When a sacrifice is to be made, true policy points out the victim, and makes the less yield to the greater.

I am not arguing the cause of intolerance. I am pleading for the *general* rights of mankind. When conscience can put in its pleas with a good grace, let them be heard—let them be more than *heard*:—let them be *reverenced*.

There is a bond of union by which the most discordant opinions, and the most jarring sects of religion may be reconciled:—I mean, reconciled *politically*; harmonized to such a degree, as not to disturb the order of general society. This is one of the most valuable secrets of state wisdom. It is the *cordia discors* of civil polity. A prudent and impartial legislator will adopt it for the sake of confining all the dependencies of government within their due limits, that one may not infringe on the privileges of the other; but that each maintaining its own right in their just proportion, and within their own proper bounds, may contribute to support the balance of the whole.

Veniam petimusque, damusque vicissim, Hor.
B. S.

Ex Umbrâ Termolensi.
April 18, 1783.

ORIGINAL LETTERS TO A LADY ON SOME INTERESTING SUBJECTS.

I hope you are not so totally engaged but you can afford a few moments to step aside to converse with YOUR FRIEND. I cannot think of a higher motive—or one more suited to your heart. It is drawn from its first and finest principles, and, if I do not mistake

you, it is your pride and pleasure to be its votary. The *shifting scenes* of life affect it not. It was not formed by the trifling incidents of undirected chance. To none of these is it indebted for its support. And I trust, it is out of the power of these to effect its overthrow.

"The

1783.

"The mind (says Milton) is *its own place.*" Its solid principles originate from its nature, and receive confirmation from time and experience. Hence they are improved into habit, and all other reflections, whether natural or adventitious, are assimilated to them. I find this remarkably the case with myself in two great objects **DEVOTION** and **FRIENDSHIP.**" In all *critical* circumstances—when disappointments vex the mind, and pain torments the body—I recur to *them* for ease and relief. There is a moment indeed, when present feeling absorbs reflection. Occupied by the objects immediately before us, and wholly interested in their event, we cannot step aside to cool the ardour of expectation, nor converse with distant scenes to brighten the gloom that hangs over those which are near us. But when passion subsides, and reason is permitted to bear sway, then the mind by its own innate tendency, recurs to the seat where it hath been accustomed to find satisfaction, and is ready to adopt the words of David, "Return unto thy *rest.*" I feel myself made for two worlds, and am deeply interested in the blessings of each. To slight them is stupidity, to resign them is madness. I wish to unite both, and make them so blend and coalesce in the system of life, that the series of my existence may be regular, harmonious, and consistent. Alas! how many breaks! how many harsh and discordant—. But I do not like to dwell on disagreeables, and have ever been an enemy to the parade of confession. But the swoln heart must have utterance; and the depressed mind wishes to throw off its load. But the best proof of its having done it, is the ease, and consistency, and alacrity of its progress afterwards. When the man stands still and looks backward on his course, he will—he ought to fetch a sigh, when he sees what rubbish he hath left behind him to darken his path. But instead of whining over it, and losing time in fruitless penitentials, he had better hasten onwards, and retrieve his past negligence by his future activity. This too is the best proof of a man's being in earnest, and by this conduct he follows a most excellent precedent—St. Paul, who "leaving the things which were *behind*, reached forth to those things which were *before.*" We have indeed much before us to ani-

mate our pursuit. Virtue unites Heaven with earth, and links time with immortality. This throws a gentle smile on the face of death, and illumines the shadows of the grave. It brings down to the listening ear the very music of the heavenly choir, and like the great pattern of *it*, who walked on the troubled sea, and hushed the surges of the stormy deep, so doth it sweetly allay the tumults of the mind, and whispers, by a resistless melody, "Peace—be still." O! thou bright image of the Deity below—fill me with thy pure spirit. Thus hope shall speed my progress; while faith and love pour their best blessings on my heart, that I may eat my bread in peace, and sing as I go along.—And friendship shall tune the instrument, to give animation to the music—and you, first and best of mortal blessings!—You, my dearest friend, shall be the spirit of my song. With you I will sink into the pleasing vale of plaintive harmony; or joined hand in hand with you will walk along the even path of life, "enjoying all that is to be enjoyed," with benevolence in our hearts and Heaven in our eye. You will not charge me with enthusiasm. If you do, it is an enthusiasm, which the most rational may not be ashamed to acknowledge, and which I know to be congenial, not only to the feelings of your heart, but to the convictions of your understanding. It is such an enthusiasm as one would wish to be true, because there is so much satisfaction in it. And one great proof of its truth is, that virtue is so much of its side—yea always its advocate from the strongest possession in its favour. Surely the attestations of such an evidence must carry much weight and must confer honour if not afford demonstration.

I have now opened to you some of the purest and deepest recesses of my bosom. I know what streams they will immediately unite with, and thus flow in one sweet and mingled current to the ocean, from whence they will never be separated. I send you my tenderest affection, as you have every thing to meet and merit it, and long most ardently for some other method to attest and seal the truest and most deep-felt friendship that ever warmed a human heart, and is the soother and sweetner of all the bitter cares and anxious apprehensions of

Yours, &c.

L. K.
April

April 14, 1776.

I Fear my amiable friend will think me very negligent in delaying so long to fulfil my promise of writing to her. Before I received your last unexpected, but truely acceptable favour, I determined within myself to write to you by the last post. Your's of that day seconded and fixed my resolution. How was I chagrined and distressed when it was absolutely put out of my power by a visit from a friend, who, notwithstanding my visible uneasiness and unsteadiness of conversation (for my mind was hovering between two objects) made no essay to leave me till late in the evening;—You cannot imagine how my heart smote me, though I was not conscious of any determined neglect, or even negative indifference—but I was afraid of suffering in your good opinion one moment. You see what a slave you have made of me! You have absolutely brought me into bondage. But the words sound harsh unless qualified. As for the *thing* itself, though it hath its inconveniencies, yet they are so overbalanced by its pleasures, that I would wish the former to be doubled rather than lose the latter. Hence the “yoke is easy.” Captivity is a blessing while the bonds that hold me are the bonds of friendship. I would not be free if I must be released from them. To the social spirit, that looks out of itself, and pants for the sympathy of a congenial heart, liberty, unretained by the pleasing ties of reciprocal affection, is the heaviest curse.

I thank you most heartily for your two last letters. They gave me the most pleasing satisfaction. Surely your attachment to me is the softener of my cares—it is that cordial which sweetens the bitter cup of life, and in the moments of vexation and care, my mind spontaneously recurs to it, and dwells on it till the sharp feelings of it are blunted, and peace once more whispers its music into my ear.

I am flattered by your approbation of my address to B—. His conduct hurt me exceedingly, because I loved the man. I pitied him as under an unfriendly influence. I believe he is not “native and endued unto it as his *own* element.” He is not so reconciled to it as to be totally insensible of its disgrace. On this account I tempered

my resentment of his behaviour, and moderated my reflections on it. He came to see me this week. He looked as if he was conscious of his having gone too far: and he did every thing in his power to atone for it. He desired me to bury all that had passed in oblivion: and to shew how willing he was to live on friendly terms with me, he proposed an exchange. I believe my sentiments had been misrepresented to him by some dark spirit of discord—which first awakes suspicion—then leads to indifference, and at last produces a compleat alienation. Next to the pleasure of preserving peace, is the satisfaction of baffling the envious.

I thank you for the pamphlet you sent me, I will either return it by some safe hand or deliver it with my own, I wish these political parsons, of both sides of the question, would, according to the Apostle's advice, “study to be quiet, and mind their own business.” But they are continually verifying the remark of the Wiseman, that “every fool will be meddling.” The wheel of state rolls on in clouds and darkness, guided by a mighty power. Your little dabblers in politics can neither accelerate nor retard it. Its springs are all secret and unseen—and its operations in spite of a hundred Presbyterian parsons irresistible. Therefore, putting all circumstances together. I am resolved to be as composed as my honest heart will let me, and as quiet as my voluble tongue will permit me to be. As to my pen—let it grow mouldy in my inkhorn, rather than expose me to ridicule, for affecting a talent which nature hath denied. Oh! this head!—it grows giddy, when it beholds the follies and little apish pretensions of mankind. How shall I restore its steadiness—if it is to be restored?—Shall I carry off the *nausea* which occasions it, by the roar of laughter or the smile of raillery?—By neither. I will emulate higher examples, and gain peace in the bosom of pity. “For man—proud man—dressed in a little, brief authority—plays such phantastic tricks before high Heaven, as makes the angels weep.” Flow on ye generous tears—flow from Pity's purest fount, and whilst laughter provokes, “do ye dissolve—and murmuring as ye glide along—say “Alas! poor fools!”

L. K.
YOUR

YOUR candour is as amiable as your friendship is ardent. Your generosity will excuse where your expectations are not answered—because your good sense will easily distinguish the principle, and you will not allow yourself to suspect a heart whose sincerity you have tried. I enter with my whole spirit into the sentiments of your last—where you unfold some of the latent principles of friendship, and bring them to the only touchstone where their worth can be tried; where the distinctions which you make between general benevolence and particular attachments, are as just in philosophy as they are elegant in expression. I cannot give them their merited praise: and want your pen to speak my own sense of their beauty and propriety.

What is it that hath given pain to that heart, whose repose it would be the height of my ambition, and the delight of my soul to be the guardian of? Oh! with what eagerness would friendship speed my steps, to pour the sweet lenitives of peace upon your distressed mind! I would quick as thought, if inclination was seconded by power, steal in on your melancholy moments, and soothe them with those gentle accents which beguile even misery, and charm away the sense of pain. If there is a relief in sympathy, take, my best and dearest of friends, take from me all that which you know from your own feelings, friendship is ready to bestow on the most beloved object of its wishes, solicitudes, and joys. Ask your own heart what it would afford to my distress. Let that determine both what I owe and what you have. It is my best—my only gift. To you it is chiefly devoted. Consecrate it by your acceptance of it.

I have had unspeakable distress myself within these few days. I cannot give you the particulars at present. It will do for the shades of one of our pictures, when we sit down together to delineate our mutual feelings and situations. It is a delightful speculation to trace the course of providences which at first were veiled in impenetrable darkness, but which gradually disclosing their beauties, at length shine forth with the full beams of wisdom and goodness. At each step of meditation, my fancy glows with the most exalted feelings—Judgment, aided by

experience, gives strength and substance to what imagination colours, till watching with calm attention the event of all, I prostrate myself, all overcome with the divinest enthusiasm that links the soul with Heaven, before the throne of him who “orders all things, in number, in weight, and in measure”—“the Divinity that shapes our ends rough-hew them as we will”—and thus the mind reposes itself on the bosom of resignation, hushed to soft tranquillity, and instead of complaining of the severity of the *means*, with transport hails that happy *end* which they had a tendency to effect. Is not this the best exercise of reason? Speak you, whom Heaven hath endowed with the finest rays of its own intelligence. Is not the result of those reflections true philosophy? And is not the giving them such an influence over the powers of the mind, as to make the life a more regular example of resignation and fortitude, the final end of Christianity—that perfection of truth, and wisdom, and love? Wrapped in the contemplation of that illustrious person—that Divinity on earth, who attested and sealed this last and best dispensation to the world, I rise above little cares, and look down with contempt on those pursuits that, excited and edged on by ambition, glare for a day, and then, like a meteor, burst in air and are lost in darkness. But I have my passions, and must come down from the towerings of my mental pride. I find—but I hope reason and religion will prevail at last. I would take the course that promises the fairest for it; and trust God for the event.

I am glad you like my political moderation. It is never too late to rectify an error, or ridicule one's own folly. I am not speaking of any change in my *sentiments*—but in my method of espousing them. I have dropped the controversy, and have blushed for myself and my brethren, that we should be betrayed into a warinthat neither reflects honour on the gentleman or the minister. We may be firm in principle, and yet at the same time prudent in conduct. Wisdom is the protection of innocence; and since the gospel allows us this armour we should put it on in self defence, lest neglected we should irritate, where we ought to have conciliated, and by rashness lose what might have been preserved by discretion. The calamity would

would be unpitied by most, and triumphed in by many—and all would be ready to say “they had brought it on themselves—they were free enough—they would be freer, and so became slaves.” Liberty is a delicate thing. It will scarcely bear a definition; and a liberty that suits the policy of one people would never coalesce with the interests of another. I am afraid that *some people* have thought themselves of too much importance; and by boldly tampering with may really lose their freedom.

L. K.

YES, though my soul were “dull as night” the springs of friendship stung as this would make it active:—though my “affections were as dark as Erebus,” the piercing rays of love like this would brighten them.—Welcome, welcome to my heart thou dearest messenger of all I value and confide in. As one of Heaven’s winged visitants, I greet thee and press thee to my bosom. Sweet is thy voice; and as the balm of life gently distils the accents of purest love to soothe a wounded heart. With what fond attention I listen to thy eloquence!—how wholly is my soul devoted to it—till every affection melts into congenial harmony—each thought is melodized—and *all* attuned to this “Music of the Spheres.”

These were the very sentiments which were excited by your delightful and endearing letter, my best and *most* beloved of friends!—What power you have over me! And how amiable and generous *only* to exert it for my pleasure or advantage! This is true friendship!—to me before unknown in reality, though often distantly descried and panted after; and sometimes in fancy enjoyed. But till I knew my dear Mrs. ——, I had grasped the shadow only, and mistook it for the substance: I was flattered by a phantom, and have pursued it to my cost; till finding my mistake by my disappointment, I have set down in despair, and have vented my chagrin in exclamations against mankind in general, because of the deceitfulness of a few in particular. The chorus of my threnody hath been generally from the scriptures—where holy men of God sometimes give vent to their passions in the manner and

words of less spiritual people; and, when they had been imposed upon by *some*, would take it into their heads to protest bitterly against *all*.

Though I have found myself frequently disappointed from the disingenuity, falsehood, or caprice of mankind, yet I have as firm a dependence on your friendship as if I had been to this very moment ignorant that there was such a thing as deceit or instability in the world. It is this unshaken confidence that makes me esteem this connection as the greatest blessing I ever enjoyed in the world. I cannot express my sense of it too highly. It enters so deeply into the very life of my enjoyment, that I love to talk of it, and when I begin, it so grows upon my heart, that it is with reluctance I leave off.

I am rejoiced to find that my letter gave you so much pleasure. I expressed in it the genuine dictates of my most mature reflections. They were not caught from education. Nature led me at first into that particular track of speculation—you have helped me forward my dearest friend. I look back upon the dark, narrow, and thorny path I have forsaken with horror mingled with contempt. I look forward on that I have since adopted with increasing pleasure and self-approbation. The prospects of divine goodness open wider and wider on my soul: and lifting my eyes to the throne of eternal mercy, I press my hands with cheerful resignation on my breast and cry out “Righteous art thou, though mortals see thee not: and good, though they confess it not. Fury dwelleth not with thee, though men would fancy thee like themselves, and eclipse thy perfections with their ignorance and infirmities. But thy nature is one uncompounded principle of excellence—bright without a cloud—and pure without a spot. To thee I refer the government of all, and rejoice that thy kingdom is as universal as thy creation. As a subject of thy vast empire I am safe beneath thy authority—as a member of thy family I am happy beneath thy care. To act according to the duty of my station is my wish:—may gratitude make it my endeavour!”

I remember when I was with you last we talked pretty freely on the subject of future punishment. I thought much of it of late; and particularly in the view of purification, by means adapted

to the grossness of particular habits and demerits of the different delinquents. I was charmed with a short prayer in the Popish Mass Book, inserted amongst a number of other prayers for the dead. I will translate it for you out of the original "Litany for Souls in Purgatory."—"Almighty God with whom do live the spirits of the perfect in all the plenitude of immediate enjoyment, and in whose holy custody are deposited the souls of all those who depart hence in an inferior degree of thy grace, who being worthy of thy pure presence, through the imperfection of their vir-

ties, are detained in a state of grief, and suspended hopes: as we bless thee for the saints already admitted to thy glory, to rejoice in thy unclouded smile; so we most humbly and heartily present our supplications unto thee for thy afflicted servants now banished from thee, who wait and sigh for the dawn of their deliverance. Pardon their sins—supply their deficiencies—wipe away the tears of sorrow from their eyes, that they may behold thee the God of love, and in thy glorious light eternally rejoice." *****

L. K.

RURAL SOLITUDE.

HAPPY they who, far from public commotions, repose themselves in the placid bosom of independence and tranquillity, who are satisfied with ease and competence, and who possess a fund of enjoyment in the attachment of a few worthy friends, and the approbation of their own hearts, which the world at large can neither afford nor allow. Let such only as are impelled by necessity forego the endearments of retirement. What has the delirium of a court, the frippery of fashion, the dull repetition of pleasures that pall the appetite, the fantastic predilection for places of public resort, that often terminates in the ruin of domestic felicity, to compensate for the want of those blessings which in the village so frequently charm the heart, and give new relish to existence. Trust me, ye whose minds are yet pure from the debilitating infection of luxury and licentiousness, there is nothing in all the great or gay world to augment, but much to diminish your happiness. Here opposite interests and opposite passions engender endless and universal contention. For the friends of social unanimity must do infinite mischief where they have infinite room. But yours is that humble and sequestered vale which the rough winds of heaven seldom or ever visit. There, are no objects of emulation, no bait for the covetous, nothing to tempt the aspiring, or irritate the invidious, to stimulate luxury, inflame the passions, or poison the heart. One would imagine, from the general turn of the work, that Thompson's *Seasons* was intended

LOND. MAG. June, 1783.

chiefly to recommend a country life in preference to that of the town. With how much judgment and delicacy does he not select whatever, at a distance from the bustle of business and the circle of intrigue, is most dear and captivating to the senses? How enchanting and romantic the strains in which he delineates the various scenes of uncultivated nature and genuine simplicity which the different seasons of the year produce? The gathering of fruits is one of those juvenile pastimes which awakens all the tenderness and vivacity of his nature. And his invitation to a task in which the youth of both sexes mingle with so much artless sensibility and attachment, and where the heart is so often feasted with the purest and chastest of all sensations, is perfectly in time, and happily marks the subject of his poem, while it soothes and delights the affections of his readers.

Ye swains now hasten to the hazel bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly winding
brook
Falls hoarse from sleep to sleep. In close
array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise; the clus'ring nuts for
you
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
And where they burnish on the topmost
bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree;
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning
husk,
A glossy shower and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair.

N n

NAVIGATION.

NAVIGATION.

WERE it asked, what is the most astonishing instance of human ingenuity, which is the greatest miracle of art, or which of all our inventions are most remote from chance, instinct, or necessity, the principal attributes of natural agency; could we refer to any thing so justly as the wonders of navigation? A *science* by which we subdue the most boisterous elements, and mould them to the purposes of universal utility, walk with safety on the waves of the sea, ride at our ease on the wings of the wind, unite the most distant extremities of the earth, and compass the whole terraqueous globe, without setting a foot on land, by only going out at one point and coming in at another. Hence a *fleet* in full sail is one of the finest spectacles or exhibitions in the whole circle of art. Our different ports abound more with sights of this kind than all the other ports of the world.

Nothing indeed strikes a foreigner on approaching the English capital with so much surprise, as the infinite number and variety of vessels which cover the river, like a large wood of old oak stript by some hurricane of their branches and foliage. This busy, complicated, and teeming group of things, is depicted by the hand of a master in the following numbers:

— — — — —
On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet
between
Possest'd the breezy void, the footy hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary
wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd, whence ribb'd
with oak,
To bear the British thunder black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

AUTUMN.

THERE is a something which the senses recognise, and which affects the heart with tranquillity in this period, just as striking to imagination as it is difficult to express. Nature appears to have exhausted all her energies in ripening the product of the year, and like a grateful mother, after a happy deliverance, silently rejoices over the fruit of her womb. A certain listlessness then enervates and seems to possess the universal principles of things. It is impossible to look around us on this occasion without indulging correspondent sensations. A similar lassitude or relaxation pervades the human frame, tinctures the temper with melancholy, and hushes the heart into a calm. Composure and confidence seem the language or inspiration of the *season*. For every thing whispers in the sweetest accents, that the world is still under a government peculiarly kind and benign.

Every thing in the whole circle of the year having thus acted its part, the great concluding scene arrives, which realizes the hopes of the husbandman, and crowns his labour with success. He has nothing now to apprehend from gnawing insects,

noxious dews, parching heats, shaking winds, or rotting rains. Plenty of provision is laid up for man and beast, toil for the present is at an end, and the heart, no longer suspended between the different palpitations of uncertainty and expectation, relaxes into joy. Thus gratitude, like all other natural propensities, operates sometimes instinctively. For enjoyment uniformly produces an agreeable mixture of transport and vivacity: and every species of gladness that originates from possession ultimately refers to the great benefactor of the universe. In many cases the human heart seems to recognise the bounteous indulgence of Heaven, in the same manner that the vegetable and brute creation do the energy of nature. The tender buds, and shoots, and blossoms, which adorn the fields and woods in spring, are not more spontaneous than such sensations of happiness, as the gratifications of appetite produce in animal, and the completion of desire in rational natures. Food to the hungry, and drink to the thirsty, are attended with feelings corresponding, though inferior to those which the discovery of science produces

in the speculative, or the accession of new excellence in the moral faculties. And we then act in concert with the general harmony of things when the genuine ebullitions of a glad heart join

the voluntary chorus of nature, in solemn acknowledgments to that great and sovereign principle of benignity and life, on whom we depend for whatever we can wish or enjoy.

SENSIBILITY.

THE tender passions may well be called the seasoning or salt of life. They heighten considerably whatever we possess, and impart an edge and delicacy to all our pleasures. Without them society were every where equally insipid and dreary. From these the fictions of imagination derive their liveliest colouring, and all the flutterings of the pensive heart their sweetest and loftiest tones. They are the sun that enlightens and warms, the gales that fan, the dews that soften, and the streams that water and refresh the intellectual world. To the vivacity they occasion, and the sensations they cherish, we owe whatever charms in youth or pleases in age, touches the fancy or soothes the affections. Nothing in truth affords any solid endearment which does not interest, absorb, or deeply agitate the mind. Indifference is the habit or passion of the dull, unthinking, or dissolute. For all who have any heart, measure their existence only by their attachments, and seem to think every moment of life insignificant which yields not less or more of this favourite enjoyment. Happy they whose emotions of friendship have but few intervals, whose hearts and lives are seldom torn and imbibited with a suspension of the most elegant sensations that can be felt: on whose hallowed peace and refinement of mind, the clamorous protestations of fools, and the hollow impertinent rodomontade of piddling pretenders to generosity never intrude. But this amiable and interesting image of human felicity, in which so many of the chafest sensibilities and sweetest beatitudes are united, is not to be expected in the absence of so much perfection as still adheres to our best connections, though its beautiful correspondence, to all that is valuable in our natures; is no equivocal presumption, that we may yet hope to obtain it from some future period and some happier clime.

Sensibility is not a mere constitu-

tional propensity, but as much a virtue perhaps, at it depends as much on culture as any other of our dispositions does. It takes its vigour, complexion, and tendency from temper indeed. But temper is the child of education. What is character but a picture of the heart, or the heart but the offspring of indulgence. To check its first and tenderest emotions is to blast the earliest and sweetest indications of humanity. The plant that vegetates with most freedom must disclose the richest beauty. Nature prospers under no improvement that represses her ardour. The opening mind cannot be too soon made acquainted with the suffering lot of humanity. False conceptions of the world, not seasonably corrected, blind the understanding, blunt the affections, and benumb the heart. Contemplate steadily and seriously the magical scenes of life, and be your temper ever so flegmatic you cannot remain insensible to the sweet accesses of compassion. Objects of distress are formed to operate on the mind mechanically. Yet we soften, at the touch of misery, with a pleasure not so much resembling what we feel in the discharge of animal functions, as that which accompanies the performance of our most important obligations. And nothing smothers these generous emotions so effectually as that pitiful system of selfishness which seems the most conspicuous characteristic of modern manners. We are generally dazzled and deluded with the splendour of society, before we know any thing of individuals. The suffering part of mankind are unavoidably overlooked in that fulsome glitter which constantly results from an indiscriminate aspect of things. Youth absorbs our affections too much in a thousand tender and evanescent anxieties to permit our sharing in sorrows which we have no opportunity of knowing. Whatever we then see or hear, awakens the passions of emulation and pride; and that mind seldom feels which wishes only to shine.

The glaring blaze of luxury is an intoxicating sight at a distance. Alas! it petrifies instead of dilating the heart. The lustre is gay and sparkling, but operates with a secret malignity; which, like many other things in the present circle of enchantment and fascination, is fatal in proportion as it charms. We enter on the world with our hopes fixed on a certain object, which insensibly becomes dearer to us than life. This naturally engrosses all our powers of contrivance and acquisition. And many are the flattering motives which then impel us to realize the figure of a heated imagination. The poor fluttering heart dances with extasy and joy in the prospect of so much finery and show, and grasps at the tremulous vapour with a frantic enthusiasm. But surely we are never less susceptible of that improvement which terminates in true worth and permanent felicity, than when most attached to levity and madness. Hence we seldom meet with a feeling heart in a very sanguine constitution. The robust and healthy discover but little sensibility, while some minds seem of too delicate a texture for any system of organs whatever. The most exquisite sentiments, and the best feelings, are often found in conjunction with the weakest bodies; just as the softest vibrations of music are commonly the most affecting. This by the way, is one reason why want of health in youth so frequently produces fullness of virtue in age; and that few, who are then very tickly, do not also turn out very worthy. Early sufferings mellow their natures, chastise their passions, abate their fondness for life, quash the petulance of imaginary excellence, inspire a thousand delicacies of affection, and season the heart with tenderness. It is thus that the frowns of adversity produce habits of humanity, and impregnate the coldest tempers with a glow of sensibility, to which those of a warmer complexion, under a discipline less severe, are generally strangers. The crosses of life improve by retrenching our enjoyments, moderate our expectations, give the heart a mortal disgust to all the gaudy blandishments of sense, and fill our minds with sensations and desires, to which nothing of all that lives and rots within the he-

misphere is adequate. The fleeting and fugitive objects, around us, are then seen and contemplated in their own colours. The world appears no longer that delicious paradise which the giddy and vicious describe. No: the pale hand of sorrow robs the gay creation of every fictitious embellishment, disengages the heart from those luscious gulps of luxury, into which it frequently plunges, dissolves the bewitching charm of pleasure, and destroys the captivating powers of applause.

It deserves to be added, that such a fine fund of sensibility is generally prolific of every virtue, that can exalt the nature or enoble the manners of a man. How amiable the temper that discovers it most, and the character of which it is the foundation. He views not his inferiors in the gifts of nature, or distinctions of fortune, with supercilious indifference or pragmatically contempt. His generosity is the genuine effect of habit and principle, not of impulse and pride; and none of those on whom he confers his obligations, ever feel the debt of gratitude oppressive. He does not prostitute the sacred professions of esteem to gratify the selfish cravings of an inflated heart, but pursues with steadiness and modesty the beauteous and pleasing prescriptions of a mind awake to the best and purest emotions. When even justly offended, the least appearance of a relenting spirit softens him into forgiveness, and he possesses the singular magnanimity of wishing well to the world, as well as the worthiest, of all mankind. The sooner he indulges those dispositions, he bids the fairer to escape that savage sternness of temper and effeminate virulence of soul, to which the proud and phlegmatic are so rigidly addicted. Indeed, there is the same connection between youth without feeling and age without virtue, as between a barren spring and a scanty harvest. Humanity seldom adorns the conclusion of that life, which begins not with tenderness. What is benevolence, but all the softer and finer affections, under the management and discipline of principle? And such as are strangers to these emotions when young, can hardly be thought susceptible of them when old.

THE HISTORY OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

PERHAPS the fame of the Nightingale is at once the most lasting and universal that ever was paid to merit. It has something in its fortune and story, which seem peculiarly congenial to that sublime spirit of elegance and enthusiasm which guided the heroes of antiquity. It was their favourite. They thought highly of it, and owed it many obligations. Their turbulent minds and fiery passions, were frequently soothed into humanity, and softened into love by its song. Its history is therefore transmitted to posterity by their gravest philosophers, and their best poetry is enriched with images drawn from its character. And this tribute, at the same time that it is the highest they could offer to worth so invaluable, is also the best monument they could rear to perpetuate their own taste.

When literature revived in Europe, their account of the Nightingale was relished the more that the bird was so well known, and made the deeper impression that every one perceived it to be true. A creature so much celebrated, soon became an object of universal admiration and curiosity. He instantly underwent another examination, in all probability more severe than the first. For the minds of mankind would naturally wish to be satisfied, whether the descriptions they had read were owing most to fiction or reality. It was soon found, that no language, no fancy, could do justice to the ideas inspired by this little matchless songster. On the least acquaintance with it, the finest things that had been said concerning it, by the finest writers in the world, were immediately supplanted by sensations still finer. Thus the Nightingale was handed down by the ancients full of honours, and the moderns show no inclination either to rifle or impair them. Nature is the same in every age; and they will flourish long, for they are deeply rooted.

It was my fortune to be born and bred in a part of the kingdom where an acquaintance with this enchanting charmer, as with others of the forest, could not be obtained. But flung by the vicissitudes of an ambulatory life

where the Nightingale is known to frequent, and where his song is familiar to every peasant, I had the greatest desire imaginable to hear him sing. The time of his leaving the country being fast approaching, was a circumstance that increased my anxiety considerably. I was directed to several of his haunts, but as often disappointed in my expectations. Fortune, however, in this one instance, at last crowned my solicitude with success. But what would my voice be in his favour, who possesses already the voluntary suffrage of all the living and the dead, whose approbation deserves a wish. My hopes were not a little raised by his story, and still unacquainted with his voice, I flattered myself that I could make up my mind on his subject with more justness than those, at least, to whom his notes were too common to excite much attention: just as when I went for the first time to see a certain celebrated actress. I did not then doubt of observing many improprieties that might escape others, whom the immediate impulse of joining the fashionable cant of applause, could seldom leave sufficient recollection for impartial decision. In both cases I was instantly satisfied, that nothing but the most inexceptionable merit has influence enough to command universal esteem. Such was my confidence in the musical abilities of this tuneful bird, that I thought I could perceive him setting about acting his part with all the dexterity and address of a master, conscious of having no rival in his art. So that what with certain preconceptions of his superior excellence, what with the impressions his fame had made on my fancy, and what with the calm contemplative state of mind into which silence, solitude, and a scene uniformly new had thrown me, when the novelty of his warbling first attracted my attention, it is really impossible to say what I felt. At that moment I thought all his panegyrists had complimented him in a style much too cold, in terms totally inadequate to his merit, and rather, in the language of formal complaisance, than in that of the heart. For my own part, I confess, without a blush, that my whole soul was in extacy with every sound

found he uttered. He seemed to me to be the very genius of harmony vouchsafed by some pitying angel to give earth a taste of heaven, and the wonders we have read of *Orpheus* struck me no longer as fabulous. His falls, shakes, transitions, breaks and pauses, were all associated and combined with such exquisite judgment and graceful execution, as quite absorbed every feeling of my heart in a succession of the most refined sensations that ever rushed on the mind of man. There was an articulation and distinctness in his least finished notes, altogether so singular and new, as is not to be described. I had often experienced before that music is capable of conveying the most affecting and melting emotions, but never till now felt the power of sentimental harmony so sensibly. For here every thing exemplified was so tender, so full of delicacy, so charmingly soft and consonant to all the movements and workings of the purest sensibility, that it left me no power to mind the expression. Surely, thought I, pleasure from the Nightingale might borrow new airs to wanton in her sooth ing train; the lover new endearments to enrich the fascinating prospect of the fruition, and the wretch new tones to deepen the description of his misery. In short, the whole of his song struck me as the natural and genuine ebullition of an heart overcharged with the richest sensibility. And when the heart of but a Nightingale thus breaks loose, who would not listen with rapture?

The figure, size, and breeding of this delightful bird, are not the most material parts of its history. It is too shy to be much seen, and too little to appear with any advantage at a distance. It visits us only in April, and leaves us again in August. Nor is it ever found but in the most southern parts of this country. His song, happily for him, loses all his sweetness and variety in captivity. Yet there are not wanting those who have still the barbarity to imprison him. There may be some comfort, however, in the conviction, that his nest is not easily found. Trust me, though I were in the secret, the world should be little the wiser. For in my mind, it were a species of the most criminal sacrilege, to injure one feather of his wing.

But let not chief the Nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage;
Oft, when returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision
falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where all abandoned to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and on the
bough,
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till wide around, the
woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MR. SPALDING, THE IMPROVER OF THE DIVING-BELL.

THIS gentlemen was a native of Edinburgh, where he carried on an extensive business as a sugar refiner and confectioner.—Since the days of Dr. Halley, not an individual ever made the least effort to go under water by means of the diving bell. Mr. Spalding, impelled by curiosity, and intrepidity of spirit, and a genius for mechanics, made several attempts to remain for a considerable time in deep water under the bell, which were always crowned with success.

He at length became such a proficient in this aquatic art, that he could remain, if necessary, for a whole day in water of twelve or fourteen fathom

deep. His acquaintances having so many proofs of the trifling danger with which this wonderful visitation of the deep was attended, many of them ventured at different times to accompany him; nay, once an Amazonian lady belonging to Edinburgh went down with him, where she remained for upwards of half an hour. A ship from London to Leith having been wrecked some years since, in which Mr. Spalding had a great many articles, he made a proposal to the owners of the cargo, that, if they would bear a share in the expences of his journey to the wreck, he would make every effort in his power for the recovery of their joint property; but

but they all declining, Mr. Spalding went at his own charges; and although he recovered little of his own, being in the water perishable commodities, he brought up a considerable part of the rest of the cargo, which no law could wrest from him.

When the unfortunate accident happened to the Royal George, Mr. Spalding was sent for, and engaged by the Admiralty and Navy Boards, on the following condition: "That he was to have one-third of all the property he could raise belonging to the Royal George." He in consequence brought up nine brass guns and a few iron ones, and stores to the value of near a thousand pounds, the whole being estimated, on a fair valuation, at 3000*l.* but it is reported they were so much under rated, that he did not receive above 400*l.* out of which his expences came to the one-half. The cold season approaching, Mr. Spalding left Portsmouth last October, with a promise that he would return in the warm months and resume his avocation. The treatment, however, he received from these boards not being of the most liberal kind, and another offer presenting itself of infinitely more emoluments, he, of course, readily embraced the latter. He was sent for from Edinburgh by the Under-Writers of the Belgiojoto Imperial East-Indiaman, which was wrecked some time ago in Dublin-Bay, outward-bound from Liverpool, and not a soul saved. Their agreement with him was truly liberal! The cargo was valued at near 150,000*l.* of which 30,000*l.* is in silver and lead. He was to have one fourth of the silver and lead, and one-half of the rest of the cargo; and although he should not recover an article, they were to defray all his expences from the day he left Edinburgh to the day he returned. As she lies in ten fathom water, two leagues

from the shore, and not in quick sands, with her mast above water ebb, there was the greatest probability of this useful member of society being nobly repaid for his ingenuity and spirit.

Accordingly he went to Ireland, and if he had soon accomplished his business there, he was to have set out for Gibraltar, strongly recommended by Commodore Elliot to the valiant governor of that name, as there are above 400 brass guns, which were sunk in the Bay on the glorious 13th of September, in the Spanish gun-boats, each of which, even at the price of old metal, is worth upwards of 200*l.*

Mr. Spalding being down, one very clear day, alongside the Royal George, perceived every object as distinctly as above water, and beheld one of the most tremendous and shocking spectacles that the human mind can form! Great numbers of the dead bodies in various attitudes! Some clung to the carriages of the guns, others with the carriages above them, &c. and when it is recollected what visages they must have in that state of putrefaction, no imagination can paint it without the utmost horror! But what sensation must he have felt, when viewing it in reality!

What a disgrace to the police of this country, that a gentleman, who had proved his abilities in recovering so many of the guns and stores of the Royal George, should not have met with the utmost liberality; the more especially when he has been heard to declare, that he could bring up the most, if not all her guns and stores, and perhaps get even the ship herself raised this summer; or, if that were found totally impracticable, he could blow her up with gun-powder; by which means the greatest part of her timbers and remaining stores would float on the surface.

A M B I T I O N.

(*From Pictures of the Heart, just published.*)

THIS—disengaging himself from reason—listened to a sound which seemed to proceed from afar.—Listening again, he heard, or imagined he heard, the voice of Elvira—a voice, which to the love-lorn son of Melania, seemed still to retain its wonted charms.

A ray of something, which had the

appearance of joy, darting across his soul, he stopped short, and presently he beheld, descending to him as from Heaven, not the form of Elvira, but the form of another female; a female, whose charms, though altogether different from, were hardly, however, less captivating than those of the perfidious beauty

beauty who had been the cause of all his sorrows.—Vexed at the disappointment, he was again preparing to follow reason, when, with a lofty, but soothing accent, his aerial visitress thus accosted him:

“ Whither do you fly? (said she) for one faithless mistress, renouncing every thing that can give pleasure to man, in a gloomy desert pusillanimously will you bury those sublime talents, with which the Gods have so bountifully endowed you? — By no Goddess can you be rendered happy, but by the Goddess who reigns in Paphos—that pretended Goddess, whose joys, fallacious as they are fleeting, enervate the body, while they debase the soul? — This truth the immortal Hercules experienced. As the reward of a thousand illustrious actions, to the rank of a demi-god was this hero exalted. At length, however, vilely was his fame tarnished by love—so vilely, that he blushed not to be seen at the feet of the enchantress Omphale, with an inglorious distaff in his hand.—Of Hercules imitate the virtues, but spurn from you the unmanly weaknesses.—Glory alone ought to attract the son of Melania; and I it is who of glory am the source. Infinite is my power.—With a nod do I erect thrones, with a nod do I overturn them. Kings are my slaves; and under the name of AMBITION, extensive as the universe is my empire.” —

She spoke; and suddenly vanishing, as if with a disdain foridly to remain longer upon the earth, she seemed, to the admiring Iphis, again to have courted her native skies.—

Though he no longer sees her, yet in his burning imagination a splendid idea of her still exists.—Banishing from him the memory of the faithless Elvira —nay, abhorring the very thought of love—he hastens back to Babylon, with a mind engrossed by a multitude of projects, which Ambition had already suggested to him as ripe for accomplishment, and as unworthy of being carried into execution but by the favoured son of Melania.

In the first place, however, it is necessary for him to obtain some post of distinction, and for this purpose he pays his court to such of the leading men in the empire as had already been distinguished with those honours to which he now aspired himself.

What trouble does it not cost him to gain from them even a momentary audience! — In return for a very smile, to what humiliating insults is he not frequently exposed! — Nothing, however, mortifies Iphis; and neglecting sincerity, the darling companion of innocence, he embraces, in her stead, the trumpet flattery. Persons, whom in his heart he despises, he affects to admire; and, in order the more to ingratiate himself with them, he even blushes not to become a pandar to their most degrading pleasures.

After an infinity of obstacles—which seemed to set patience at defiance, but which, in Iphis, served only more and more to confirm the dominion his newly-adopted passion had acquired over him—he obtains a place, of no mean consideration, at court.

His desires, however—far from being satisfied—actually increase upon him.

“ A place at court! — What is it, when unaccompanied with the rank of a Governor—with the honours due to the actual representative of imperial grandeur? — What is it! — A bawble—a very bawble, unworthy of acceptance.” —

Thus reasons, or seems to reason, the son of Melania; and in order that he may attain this envied pre-eminence, to what paltry schemes of *finesse* is he forced to have recourse! —

Haunted with the wretched disappointment, he never waits on the minister unhaunted also with the most abject, and the most troublesome of all supplicants—the suppliant importunity.—Importunity, however, at last prevails; and Iphis can no longer pretend, that he has not obtained all he had sued to obtain.—Iphis, then, seems now to possess no small claim to the company of Content! — Content! what has Ambition to do with Content? — And when—say, ye who continue to hug her chains! — when was she known to proscribe limits to her votaries? —

“ What! (said she) to the son of Melania) capable of holding the reins of empire, and invested with nothing beyond the pitiful title of *Satrap*! — nothing beyond the paltry government of a *province*! — Know you not, that Ninias—the grief-oppressed Ninias—languishes in the arms of effeminacy? — Yet are you to be told, that the warlike Babylonians wish for a King, who may lead

lead them to battle, and to glory?—Unwilling to obey a dastardly Prince, already do the chiefs of the different provinces wait but for an opportunity to throw off their ignominious yoke.—Obedient to my voice, they are determined to assert their independence.—Profit, then, by these hints; and learn to call those men your friends, who are my followers.—*With them*—a chosen band!—co-operate in every measure which may overturn the throne of a sovereign unworthy of the name.—*With them*, scruple not to wash away, in his degenerate blood, the disgrace of having served so pusillanimous a master.”—

“ Ha! (exclaimed Iphis) is this the language you hold?—And must I betray my King?—Trampling under foot my allegiance, must I, with sacrilegious hand, plunge into the bosom of my best benefactor that weapon with which he has armed me in his defence. From guilt like this may the just Gods preserve me!”

“ Empty scruple! (resumed Ambition.) Notions of this kind may suit the multitude, but how unworthy are they of you!—Know, that my favourites are above the observance of vulgar laws.—In order to please me, regardless of King, regardless of country, they must renounce—what weak minds hold dearer than either—wives, parents, children!—Yes, cowardly boy, they must renounce all the feel-

ings, the emasculating feelings, of, what fools call, *Nature*.”—

The heart of Iphis was not yet wholly corrupted; and Ambition perceiving him struck dumb with horror—however unsusceptible of the impressions of horror herself—began to assume a milder tone.

“ How it charms me (said she) to mark the *sensibility* you express!—Like you, I love virtue; and when I spoke otherwise, it was merely to *try* you. Well do I know what is due to loyalty and patriotism—what is, above all, due to the ties of kindred; nor was it by any means my wish to estrange your heart from such sublime attachments. But, Iphis, recollect, that you were born the subject of Semiramis. As such—while she survived—you were bound to defend her throne, and her life. As such—now she is dead—are you not called upon to do justice to her memory?—Ninias was her murderer! Ninias, therefore, must die!—His crime was an outrage offered to the Gods!—And shall it remain unavenged?—No: those very bonds of nature, which you prize so dear—and which I, you see, hold sacred—he has dissolved.—As being no longer the son of Semiramis, forthwith, then, let him be sacrificed to the manes of your Queen!—Almost, alas! had I said, to the manes of a once-flourishing country.”

A CHARACTER OF PERICLES, A FAMOUS ATHENIAN STATESMAN.

THIS illustrious patriot and politician who died about the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, was properly the first who carried eloquence to a great height; to such a height indeed, that it does not appear he was ever afterwards surpassed. He was more than an orator; he was also a statesman and a general; expert in business and of consummate address. For forty years, he governed Athens with absolute sway; and historians ascribe his influence, not more to his political talents than to his eloquence, which was of that forcible and vehement kind that bore every thing before it, and triumphed over the passions and affections of the people. Hence he had the sup-

name of Olympias given him; and it was said, that, like Jupiter he thundered when he spoke. Though his ambition be liable to censure, yet great virtues certainly he had; and it was the confidence which the people reposed in his integrity, that gave such power to his eloquence; a circumstance without which the influence of publick speaking in a popular state can seldom go far. He appears to have been generous, magnanimous, and public spirited: he raised no fortune to himself; he expended indeed great sums of the public money, but chiefly on public works; and at his death is said to have valued himself principally on having never obliged any citizen to wear mourning

on his account, during his long administration. It is a remarkable particular recorded of Pericles by *Suidas*, that

he was the first Athenian who composed and put into writing, a discourse designed for the public.

ORATORICAL GESTICULATION.

THREE is no nation, hardly any person so phlegmatic as not to accompany their words with some actions and gesticulations on all occasions when much in earnest. It is therefore inconsistent with that warmth and seriousness which become most topics of public discussion, for an orator to remain quite unmoved in his outward appearance, and to let the words drop from his mouth without any expression of meaning or warmth in his gesture.

Whoever wishes to succeed as a public speaker in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the senate, must consequently attend to the looks and gestures which in common life, mark the more ardent and elevated emotions of mind. Some of these are common to all men. There are also certain peculiarities of manner which distinguish every individual. A public speaker must be no copyist. To adopt the singularities of the most eminent masters in any art, is only to be a mimic. Nor should he form to himself a set of motions and gestures which he deems most becoming and agreeable, and practise them in public, whether or not they correspond with the manner most natural to him in private. They must all carry that sort of expression, which nature dictates to him, and unless this be the case it is impossible by means of any study to avoid their appearing stiff and awkward.

A public speaker should endeavour to preserve as much dignity as possible in the attitudes of his body. An erect posture is generally to be chosen, standing firm, so as to have the fullest and finest command of all his motions; any

inclination used, should be forwards towards the hearers, which is a natural expression of earnestness. As for the countenance, the chief rule is, that it should correspond with the nature of the discourse, and when no particular emotion is expressed, a serious and manly look is always the best. The eyes should never be fixed close on any one object, but move easily round the audience. In the motions made with the hands, consist the chief part of gesture in speaking. The ancients condemned all motions performed by the left hand alone, but I am not sensible that these are always offensive, though it is natural for the right hand to be more frequently employed. Warm emotions demand the motion of both hands corresponding together. But whether one gesticulates with one, or both hands, it is an important rule, that all his motions should be free and easy. Narrow and straitened movements are generally ungraceful; for which reason motions made with the hands are directed to proceed from the shoulder, rather than from the elbow. Perpendicular movements too with the hands, that is, in a straight line up and down, which Shakespear in *Hamlet* calls *sawing the air with the hand*, are seldom good. Oblique motions are, in general the most graceful. Too sudden and nimble motions should be likewise avoided. Earnestness can be sufficiently expressed without them. Shakespeare's directions on this head, are full of good sense. *Use all gently (says he) and in the very torrent and tempest of passion, acquire a temperance that may give it smoothness.*

THE HISTORY OF THE PRESENT SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

(Continued from our last Magazine, page 241.)

THE discussion of the Preliminary Articles was not finally closed by the triumphant party. They were brought forward afresh to make the

victory more complete, and to accelerate the downfall of the ministry. The reason alledged for a procedure so extraordinary was specious and plausible.

Lord

Lord John Cavendish complained of reports that had been industriously propagated, which were calculated to injure his political character; particularly on account of the amendment which he had proposed to the late address. It had been insinuated that he and his friends were enemies to peace, and that it was their intention to annul the terms on which the present peace was founded, and by this means violate the public faith, and infringe on the royal prerogative. He disclaimed the very idea of a purpose so utterly inconsistent with the first principles of the constitution: and declared that how much soever he disliked the Preliminary or Provisional Articles, yet, as they had been agreed to, they should be esteemed inviolably sacred, and every iota of them should be strictly adhered to. His lordship descended on the terms of the peace, in order to show how inexcuseable those ministers were, that had submitted to them in order, as they pretended, to put a period to a war which we were in a better capacity of carrying on than our enemies. After he had gone over this ground—ground, indeed, which had been pre-occupied, and made bare by others—he moved five resolutions—the purport of which was—that in consideration of the public faith, the Provisional Treaty, and the Preliminary Articles should be ratified; but, nevertheless, that “the concessions made to the adversaries of Great Britain are greater than they were entitled to, either from the actual situation of their respective possessions, or from their comparative strength.” The fifth resolution respected the Loyalists, whose fidelity is acknowledged in very warm expressions, and a recompence for their sufferings and services is also agreed on as necessary. The resolution is couched in general terms, but the Loyalists are evidently the chief objects of it. The little care that had been shewn for their security in the Provisional Treaty had been an object of severe animadversion; and even their old enemy Mr. Fox became their advocate, when he found their cause had been neglected, or ill-managed by the minister.

The principal object of *Lord John's* motion was, to manifest a disapprobation of the terms of peace, and at the same time to announce to the world a

stedfast resolution of confirming them: thus distinguishing by a species of casuistry not unknown to adepts in politics, between what is right in *itself*, and what becomes right by *accident*.

Mr. St. Andrew St. John seconded the motion, and expressed his astonishment at the mistake into which persons had been led respecting the amendment proposed to the address. It was not designed to vacate the terms already agreed on. They could not be receded from; and we must now make the best of them!

Commodore Keith Stewart applauded ministers for the part they had taken in procuring a peace every way equitable and honourable, considering the situation of public affairs. Turn our eyes where we will, the necessity of a peace was obvious; nor less obvious was the advantage of the peace at present agreed on by the belligerent powers. Our circumstances were not so flattering as some had represented them: and glorious as some of our victories were, yet they did not place us in a state so impregnable as to authorize our haughtiness, or give stability to our confidence. He declared that he had it from the highest authority, that if this peace had not taken effect, a fleet of at least 60 ships of the line was rendezvousing at Cadiz, to effect the reduction of Jamaica, and our other islands in the West-Indies. Could we contend with a force so formidable? We were not to be flattered by the apparent lethargy of the Dutch. Their civil discords were dissipating daily, and the principal centre of agreement among the Dutch powers was under the influence of French councils, and bore a very ill aspect to this country. On the event of a junction in active war, it was impossible to suppose that we could meet such a power on equal grounds. From considerations such as these, he thought the terms of peace a subject of congratulation and not of reproach, and therefore objected to the motion that would pass a censure on it.

Mr. Secretary Townshend considered the resolutions which were moved by the noble lord to be a crude mixture of truth and error; propriety and absurdity. It was undoubtedly right for the House to resolve that the terms of the peace should be definitively ratified; but it was wrong to pass a parliamentary

mentary censure on them. This could only answer the ends of party, and could not possibly be attended with any general advantage. It was right to convince the Loyalists of the sense we have of their fidelity and zeal, and that parliament was disposed to do every thing that was consistent with the situation and circumstances of this country to afford them assistance, but it was wrong to pass a resolution which insinuated a suspicion of the honour of Congress. We should first try the result of the recommendation of the Loyalists to the protection of the United States of America before we determine on its effects. With respect to the resolution which conveyed a censure on the ministers for making the peace, he should move on it the previous question. He considered it as equally uncandid and ungrounded; but at the same time acknowledged that he did not consider it as originally issuing from the noble lord who moved it. He had not a head or a heart to conceive or propose an uncandid measure; though his own native honesty making him judge of others by the purity of his own intentions, might so far impose on him as to lead him to imagine that those who had influenced him to undertake this business, were actuated by motives as upright and candid as his own.

Sir Peter Burrell expressed his hearty concurrence with the resolutions; but chiefly dwelt on the fourth, which met his entire approbation, because it conveyed the censure he so ardently wished to have passed on a peace so prejudicial to the interest, so mortifying to the pride, so fatal to the honour of Great-Britain. He considered the pleas that the ministers had offered in vindication of the step they had taken in this inglorious business as false and frivolous. They were founded on pretence and added insult to disgrace. Our resources were not so low as had been represented: and we were not reduced to a situation so hopeless as to render the prosecution of the war impracticable, or to warrant the concessions we had made. He considered the article which respected the Loyalists, as a piece of infamous chicane: and lamented very bitterly that a brave and faithful people, who merited so well of this country, should have been abandoned: — for he really considered them as

abandoned, since they could have no hope in the mercy, and no reliance on the honour of Congress.

Sir Cecil Wray entertained a very different opinion of the state of this country from the last speaker. He considered it in a light so gloomy, that he declared he should have been reconciled to a peace that had been purchased by concessions still more considerable. He had not any connection with, nor indeed any partiality for the minister; but he would not quarrel with him on account of the peace. He wished him removed from the helm, but not for the reasons that have been alledged by others: and least of all for that reason which is now become the most popular. So far from blaming him for the peace, ‘ I wish (said *Sir Cecil*) he had gone farther; for instance, why is the nation encumbered with the expence of keeping up a garrison at Quebec, when the only use for the fortresses—the trade of Canada—is relinquished? Gibraltar too—but here I tread on unpopular ground; but from the best intelligence I have been able to procure, that fortress is of little use to us in war, as expensive in peace. Do country gentlemen know that it will require one shilling in the pound (500,000l. a year) to maintain it? This might have been bartered for some of those valuable territories that we have ceded.’ The honourable baronet expressed much indignation at the coalition that was forming between *Lord North* and *Mr. Fox*; and conjured the independent members of the House to unite in those measures that had a tendency to produce a public reform, and not suffer the great object to be lost while the interested and venal slaves of party are struggling for power.

Sir Horace Mann avowed his independence, and disclaimed all connections with party of every description, but he was ready to support the noble lord who moved the resolutions from the confidence which he had both in his abilities and his integrity. He paid some compliment to the noble lord’s connections, and vindicated him from an insinuation of the Secretary of State, which though couched in the form of a polite apology, was in reality a disgraceful accusation. It made the noble lord a mere instrument of a factious party: it represented him as a dupe to the artifices and malice

lice of others. This he was certain was totally without foundation. The noble lord acted from himself: nor would a spirit like his suffer himself to be dictated to by any man or set of men whatever. Sir Horace went over the articles of the peace, and expressed his disapprobation of them in the strongest terms that he was capable of using. As to Gibraltar, he considered it as ineptimable because invulnerable. He contended that it would always operate as a diversion to the Spanish arms, and therefore was an object of unspeakable consequence to this country. Sir Horace made these remarks in answer to what had fallen from the last mentioned speaker; and concluded with expressing his cordial concurrence with the resolutions moved for by the noble lord.

When the Speaker read the resolutions, he recommended it to the House to have the question regularly put on each of them. This would give the members an opportunity of debating on them distinctly, and would prevent much confusion and irregularity. His opinion was acceded to; and the two first resolutions, which expressed the determination of the House to ratify the terms of the peace, passed without any opposition. The third resolution, which acquiesced in the grant of independence to America, brought on a debate in which the right of vesting his Majesty with power of conferring it by Act of Parliament was particularly discussed.

Lord Newhaven denied positively that such a right existed any where—no, not even in the united powers of the legislature. *Sir William Dolben* defended his former argument on this subject, and still maintained that the royal prerogative could not by the constitution of this country extend to the dismemberment of the empire. He wished to know if his Majesty acted by virtue of his prerogative, or in consequence of a statute of parliament, which vested his Majesty with such a power. If the latter, he begged to have it pointed out. The act passed in the last session, which authorized his Majesty to suspend the operation of some statutes, which stood in the way of peace, did not amount to a power of alienating any part of his dominions. *Mr. Wallace*, the Attorney General, at the time when the act referred to, took place, declared that it

did vest his Majesty with the power of granting independence to America. He drew the bill himself; but as it was on a subject more than ordinarily delicate, he worded it in general terms, and studied the most cautious expressions. America possessed in *reality* all the independence which hath since been confirmed and recognized more specifically and explicitly by his Majesty; and the bill which he framed, and which the House agreed to, gave his Majesty that power. *Sir William*, however, did not appear to be convinced, and *Mr. Kenyon* (the then Attorney General) observed, somewhat disorderly as it was thought, that the honourable baronet was proof against conviction. He maintained, and so did *Mr. Lee*, that the act of the last session did clearly invest his Majesty with a right of recognizing the independence of America: but *Sir Adam Ferguson* would not admit that the act empowered his Majesty to make so large a cession of Canada as had been stipulated in the Provisional Treaty. This he considered as a stretch of prerogative in every view unwarrantable, and inexcuseable. *Mr. Eden* thought there was considerable weight in this observation; and it was a matter that particularly struck him when the treaty was first produced to the House. The cession of 18,000 square miles was not an inconsiderable object. He had said so before: and he was unwilling that the House should forget it. —————

Lord North said that he was dissatisfied with the resolution which put an end to the American War. But an end had been put to it by an act of the House, and that House had vested his Majesty with the power of recognizing the independence of America. The bill had indeed been drawn cautiously but effectively. ————— *Governor Johnstone* thought the matter had been embarrassed by the lawyers. Nothing was explicit: all was equivocal. To remove all doubt and all dispute for the future, he moved the following amendment to the resolution before the House, viz. “That his Majesty in acknowledging the Independence of the United States of America, by virtue of the powers vested in him by the act of the last Session of Parliament ‘To enable his Majesty to conclude a peace or truce, with certain Colonies in North America,’ hath acted as the circumstances of affairs

fairs indispensably required, and in conformity to the sense of Parliament." The amendment was accordingly proposed and carried.

When the resolution which was intended to convey a censure on the ministers for the terms of peace which they had stipulated with the powers at war with Britain, came under the discussion of the House. *Mr. Powys* declared his opposition to it. He thought the state of our finances demanded no higher terms; and the consideration of the powerful confederacy that was leagued against us, tended to exculpate ministers from the odium that had been thrown on them for acceding to those terms. He thought the noble lord who made the motion, was the last person who should have objected to the peace. He had some time since announced its necessity on almost any terms: and the conduct of a certain party in the House, convinced him that the struggle was for power more than the interest of the nation: and that the motion instead of having in view the general good, only tended to hasten the removal of the minister. The end was a partial and interested one; and the means by which it was to be effected were neither candid nor just.

Lord John appeared to be not a little chagrined at the reflections thrown on the coalition by *Mr. Powys*. He considered it as an event of singular moment to this country—so long distracted by political animosities! and ought to be esteemed a subject of mutual congratulation and not of censure. He was truly happy to have been an instrument of effecting such an important union: it was the union of great power and great abilities; and it was likely to be permanent, and promised every thing that was honourable and beneficial to the nation.—*Mr. Powys* declared he meant nothing personal to the noble lord, whom he revered too highly to offend willingly.

Sir Edward Afiley declared himself satisfied with the peace; and thought if it was not so flattering to the pride of this country as might have been wished, yet that the whole blame ought to rest on the ministers who carried on the American war. If the present ministers deserved censure, it was not for the peace they have made, but for suffering their predecessors in office to rest in

peace without making such enquiries into their measures as this injured nation demanded, and all its true friends expected and wished for.

Mr. Bootle gave his assent to the motion because he disapproved of the peace, and particularly of the article which respected the Loyalists. He considered it as a stain on our national honour.

Mr. Macdonald, though by no means satisfied with the peace, yet since it must be ratified, he thought it would not answer any good end to pass on it a parliamentary censure. It might have an ill influence both abroad and at home. France might make it a pretence for not disarming. It might affect the present pending negociation with the Dutch. And possibly it may create jealousies and surmises in our own country; and people may be alarmed with fresh apprehensions of war. It was not only needless, and might be injurious; but in every view it was premature also. It was interposing vindictively in the midway between what was preliminary and what was definitive. He was therefore against both the fourth and fifth resolutions. He was particularly against the last, because it was anticipating an event which it will be time enough to meet when it comes. Let us try the issue of the recommendation of the Loyalists. If it should fail, then we shall know with more certainty how to act. Let us not agree to take the whole burden upon ourselves till we see what share others will take in it.

Mr. Fox distinguished himself this day by a very long, able, and spirited speech. It consisted of a refutation of the objections which had been urged against the resolutions by the last speaker. He observed that the peace itself was in no degree effected by them; for while they condemned the terms of it, they explicitly avowed the determination of the House to ratify them. Could any thing give the world a higher idea of our honour? We agree to what we dislike, because we would rather sacrifice our interest than violate our faith. He next entered very largely into a vindication of himself and his connexions, for the coalition they had formed with the noble Lord in the blue ribband. He lamented the loss of support from some valued friends; but the most

most vigorous examination into the principles of his conduct, only tended to convince him of the rectitude of it. The coalition was rendered indispensably necessary in order to rescue this nation from the attack of an individual (Lord Shelburne) who hath had the temerity (said Mr. Fox) to act more from his own dictates and prejudices, than from any love for the constitution or any regard for the necessities of this country. There never was a period that so much required the union of a party that could infuse vigour into government as the present. The peace which the ministers have made is of itself a sufficient evidence of their debility; and contains an unanswerable argument in defence of the step which he and his friends had taken. It was now seen that their receipt from an administration that was under so fatal an influence, was a point of duty and honour.—He next adverted to the state of the navy, and paid some high compliments to Lord Keppel for the flourishing condition to which his zeal and abilities had brought it, while he presided at the Admiralty. The fleet of Great Britain he averred to be competent to a farther prosecution of the war: and that the plea of its deficiency was a false and fallacious pretence set up by the abettors of the peace in order to excuse the humiliating terms of it. He pledged himself to produce authentic evidence that in the course of last year, our navy increased seventeen in its number, while that of France had suffered a diminution of thirteen. He represented Spain as an almost bankrupt nation; and America as in a state of absolute poverty. Not that he would encourage an American war. Though poor, they were unconquerable. Their enthusiasm would procure their independence. But it would have been politic to have withdrawn our army from America, and directed all our force against our enemies in Europe, unless they would have acceded to a peace more advantageous to Britain than that which we have now procured. Mr. Fox at the conclusion resumed his defence of the coalition, and observed that as the grand object of prior contentions is removed, nothing impeded the present union:—a union formed on the broad principles of national polity, and not on the narrow grounds of a selfish party. He trusted

that the good effect of the coalescence would be soon visible in the salvation of our country.

Mr. Chancellor Pitt followed Mr. Fox in a speech which united in an astonishing degree, the splendor of eloquence, with the power of argument, and the poignancy of well directed satire. He lamented the prevalence of party violence; but considered its triumphs as instable as they were unmerited. They were not the triumphs of virtuous patriotism. Their principles were revenge, and the means by which they had been acquired were ungenerous and unjust. He took a view of the state of our navy, and maintained that it was not so flattering as some had represented it, especially when compared with the formidable armament of our enemies. Lord Howe set sail to relieve Gibraltar with the only fleet we had left. We had no convoy to protect the Baltic trade against the Dutch; and all our security from that quarter was submitted to Providence, for that was our only resource. In the detail of the marine forces of our enemies, Mr. Fox had omitted to mention the Dutch. A most important omission! But it was not difficult to guess at the reason. Every additional force that was leagued against us was an additional evidence of the necessity of the peace. The Dutch were beginning to exert themselves; and were not only in a capacity of defending themselves and annoying our trade in the Northern sea, but of adding to the Combined fleet (already too formidable) ten sail of the line. The situation of our army was as unfavourable to the prosecution of the war, as that of our navy. The recruiting service was almost become desperate; and new levies could not be raised but with extreme difficulty, and at a most enormous expence. Our national debt was so immense that the resources of taxation were almost exhausted. It was observed by gentlemen of the opposite party that our enemies were as much distressed as ourselves. Distressed they were—No one denied it. But their distress did not incapacitate them to pursue the war as ours had incapacitated us. Besides, should we be so mad, so cruel to this country as to involve it in ruin only for the inhuman satisfaction of ruining our enemies also? Mr. Pitt defended the cessions which had

had been made; and charged Mr. Fox with great inconsistency in having acknowledged but a week before, that “even this peace was preferable to a continuance of the war.” He would not impose on the honourable gentleman too rigid a task; but he thought he might preserve the appearance of consistency for—a week at least! The peace was not a rash and precipitate measure. The discussion of it was a work of time and unwearyed attention: and Mr. Pitt solemnly declared to the House, that it was the ultimatum of the belligerent powers, so that our only alternative was to accede to it or continue the war. He vindicated Lord Shelburne from the obloquy with which his enemies attempted to load his public character: warmly applauded his zeal for his country; his abilities, his integrity, and generosity; and doubted not but when the mists of prejudice which had been raised by the malice of party, were dissipated, his conduct would appear in its true light, and would need only be seen to be revered and admired. “He will retire (said his eloquent colleague) firm in the dignity of his own mind, conscious of his having contributed to the public advantage, and if not attended with the fulsome plaudits of a mob, possessed of that substantial and permanent satisfaction which arises from the habitual approbation of an upright heart. I know him well: and dismiss him from the business of state when you please, to this transcendent consolation he hath a title which no accident can rob him of. After this encomium on his noble friend, spoken with peculiar energy and pathos, he defended, with modesty, but with great firmness and dignity, the part he himself had taken in the business then under the consideration of the House. He acted according to conviction of his own mind, and was fully satisfied with the integrity of his motives. It was the interest of the nation that lay nearest his heart: and through every part of his public conduct, he had his eye steadfastly fixed on it as the ruling power that actuated the whole. “You may take from me (said he) the privileges and emoluments of place, but you cannot, you shall not take from me those habitual and warm regards for the prosperity of Great Britain, which constitute the honour, the pride, and

the happiness of my life: and with this consolation, the loss of power, and the loss of fortune, though I affect not to despise, I hope I shall soon be able to forget.”

Lord North's speech was chiefly made up of apologies for his unfortunate mistakes about the conduct and event of the American war—apologies for the differences that had arisen between him and Mr. Fox—an exculpation of that gentleman from malice propense—when he so severely lashed him; an exculpation of himself for not profiting by such salutary discipline: and a full and round vindication of the union of two opposite parties, now the great bone of contention is out of the way; with a condemnation as full and round of the terms of peace.

Mr. Thomas Pitt was more than commonly severe, and even acrimonious in his reflections on the conduct of the noble lord in the blue ribband: he considered him as the assassin of his country; and having stabbed it was now opening its wounds afresh.

Colonel Onslow was offended with Mr. Pitt for the language he had made use of respecting his noble friend; defended the coalition, and commended Lord North as a wise and upright minister, and every way qualified to superintend the government of a great nation.

Mr. Wilnot, though he deplored the fate of the Loyalists, and expressed his readiness to concur in any measures that might be prudently and equitably adopted to give them the relief they needed, yet he was willing to wait the event of the recommendation which had been made an express article of the Provisional Treaty, and which he was convinced was the only thing that could have been stipulated in their behalf by the commissioners engaged in the negotiation. On the whole he considered the peace as a good one all circumstances considered, and what instead of condemning we ought to be grateful for.

Mr. Hill was witty on the coalition; and made use of a comparison which not a little diverted the House. He said the union of parties so heterogeneous in their principles, and in every line of public conduct, so perfectly adverse and discordant, was like those strange mixtures of alkali's and acids which by a certain chemical process produce a *neutral*!

The debate having been protracted

to so universal a length, the members grew impatient for the question. The fourth resolution was accordingly put by the speaker, and on the division of the House, the numbers stood

For it	207
Against it	190

(To be continued.)

The majority for censuring the terms of the peace were 17.

Lord John withdrew the motion relative to the loyalists; and at four in the morning the House adjourned, after a debate the most interesting that ever had taken place in the British senate.

AN IDEA OF DR. JOHNSON'S MODE OF WRITING.

(From Dr. Blair's *Lectures*.)

YOUNG writers are apt to imitate the faults while they neglect the beauties of distinguished authors. The late Mr. Blackwel, of Aberdeen, is excessively affected in all his works.— “ And here I must not pass the author of the Rambler. His writings are useful, as having a good moral tendency, and his style is copious, smooth, and free from harsh arrangement, but all affectation. He has also loaded it with a number of latinized words, such as *salubrity*, *cogitation*, &c. &c. He

has studied music so much that his style is a perfect monotony, which is always disagreeable. He imitates the manner of Isocrates, which has been censured by all the critics of antiquity, and is fond to excels of antithesis, continually contrasting both words and things. When he speaks of persons of knowledge, they are exalted by knowledge, and elevated by virtue; and thus he goes on with an elegance destitute of simplicity, and a stateliness that is only a burlesque on dignity.”

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. No. LXIX.

Mayer ophov ophovas.

PINDAR *Olymp.*

“ Having sworn a greet oath.”

SWARING is one of the most ancient and universal practices of mankind; and although we easily perceive solemn oaths upon great occasions to be a natural mode of confirming veracity and confidence, it has often appeared to me not a little difficult to account for the antiquity and universality of imprecations in the common intercourse of society. Yet so prevalent is the use of them that we read of no period of time, nor are acquainted with any nation, in which it is not to be traced. Nay, we find a propensity to it so wonderfully prevalent, that the powers of moralists and legislators have been exerted to restrain it, but have by no means fully succeeded. Philosophers of old, as well as modern divines, have ably exposed its profaneness and bad effects; and in the statute books of civilized states there are many laws against Cursing and Swearing, by which it is prohibited under penalties. Yet let us go into almost any company, in any part of the known world, and we shall too soon be satisfied that a vice

to which it should seem there is no temptation abounds in an amazing degree.

The antiquity and universality of oaths, in whatever sense, is, I think, one proof among many of the existence of a Supreme Spirit; for it shews the consent of nations in that belief. In the first volume of *Histoire de l'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, there is an excellent dissertation “ *Sur les Serments des Anciens*,” by M. l'Abbé Masseau. The ingenious writer observes, that originally men swore by the true God, the Most High, the Lord of heaven and earth. But when the proper notion of the Divinity came to be corrupted, and polytheism was introduced, swearing followed the fate of religion, “ *et si le monde fut tout surpris de se trouver rempli d'une multitude prodigieuse de dieux monstres, il ne le fut pas moins de se voir comme inondé d'un deluge de serments ridicules* — And if the world was confounded to find itself filled with a prodigious multitude of monstrous gods, it was not less so

London, MAG. June, 1783.

P p

to see itself as it were drowned in a deluge of ridiculous oaths." Such of my readers as wish to have their curiosity gratified upon the subject, may find in this dissertation a learned collection of particulars, interspersed with good remarks well expressed.

Though I have the comfort to think my practice has been blameless in that respect, my opinion as to the impious immorality of swearing in passion, or in levity of talk, was never quite settled, till in the view of writing this essay I looked into the four sermons which that very distinguished prelate, Archbishop Secker, preached against it from the well-known text, James v. 12. *But above all things, my brethren, swear not, &c.* In these admirable discourses the Archbishop has in the first place demonstrated the lawfulness of oaths upon solemn occasions, from the utility, and in some cases even almost necessity of them, and shewn the practice to be sanctified by the awful example of God himself in several texts in scripture, by that of our SAVIOUR, when he told the Jews there should no sign be given to them but that of the prophet Jonas; and who, while in the lowly form which he condescended to assume in carrying on the great mystery of redemption, submitted to answer the High Priest under an adjuration " by the living God;" and by that of the holy apostles in many passages: and in the second place has demonstrated the positive evil not only of " taking the name of God in vain," or introducing it into trifling discourse, or without some very important reason, but of all irreverent mention of sacred subjects. He enumerates many of the best of the heathen sages who wrote against common swearing as hurtful to religion, and he fully justifies the wisdom of St. James's prohibition in that sense of the words, by shewing how much it lessens the celestial awe of piety, and how inconsistent it is in other respects with the spirit of Christianity, as it inflames violence and wrath, and certainly offends the good and the gentle. He very fairly argues that this unprofitable vice is unbecoming in well-bred men, and I hope my fair readers will forgive me for quoting the following passage, for which I am very sorry to think there is any occasion: " But, above all, the most distant advances towards any sort

of profaneness in discourse, should be scrupulously avoided by that sex, which cannot yet plead any established custom for it; and whose esteem from the other depends so very greatly on the gentleness and delicacy of their conversation, that they will be far from finding their account (whatever they may fancy) in exchanging it for a confident behaviour, and offensive expressions of masculine boldness." I would earnestly recommend to all my readers a calm and attentive perusal of these four sermons, in a collection, which, I am assured by valuable authority, contains an instructive and beautiful system of the Christian life, by one who was himself a noble example of it.

They who attempt to despise a conviction of the criminality of cursing and swearing as weak scrupulosity, should be informed, that by repeated acts of parliament it is held to be no slight offence, and when so informed, it is thought they would be too arrogant, were they to set their inconsiderate notions above the well-weighed resolves of Senates. The earliest acts against swearing which we find in this island were passed in Scotland in 1551, in the reign of the beauteous Queen Mary, and in 1581, in the reign of her son James VI. of Scotland, afterwards I. of England. Perhaps the "*prefervidum ingenium Scotorum*, the violent temper of the Scots" made such a law necessary amongst them sooner than amongst the English. The first English act against swearing is in 1623, in the reign of James I. and begins " Forasmuch as all profane swearing and cursing is forbidden by the word God." The next is in 1695, in the reign of William and Mary. But so late as 1746, in the reign of George II. there is " an act more effectually to prevent profane cursing and swearing," and as a short sermon by King, Lords, and Commons to some who would have a superficial contemptuous prejudice against a sermon by a clergyman, I shall here insert the preamble " Forasmuch as the horrid, impious and execrable vices of profane cursing and swearing (so highly displeasing to Almighty God, and loathsome and offensive to every Christian) are become so frequent and notorious, that unless speedily and effectually punished, they may justly provoke the Divine vengeance to increase the many calamities

calamities these nations now labour under." That I may produce the deliberate suffrage of all the three kingdoms against Cursing and Swearing, I am to mention that similar acts to those of the English parliament have been passed in Ireland, a country remarkable for the warm blood of its inhabitants, whose talk is particularly characterised in plays and novels, by a variety of oaths.

I have heard of a preacher in Holland who in admonishing his hearers against the vice of swearing, used very gravely to repeat in the pulpit, the most usual and shocking execrations which he charged them to avoid. This I dare say, was thought ludicrous. Yet the same thing actually occurs in the first act of the Scottish Parliament to which I have referred. Thus it begins : " Item, Because notwithstanding the oft and frequent preachings, in detestation of the grievous and abominable (a) aithes swearing, execrationes, and blasphematioun of the name of God (b) swearand in vaine be his precious (c) blud, bodie, passion, and wounds, Devil (d) stick, cummer, gore, roist or riefe them, and sik uther (e) oug-sum aithes and execrationes, against the command of God, zit the famin is cum in sik ane ungodlie use amangst the people of this realme, baith of great and small estates, that dailie and hourelie may be heard amangst them, open blasphemation of God's name, and Majestie, to the greate contemptio[n] thereof, and bringing of the ire and wrath of GOD upon the people."

Nay, there is something similar in the civil law, Novell 77, where certain horrible oaths are specified, and where profane swearing is held in such abomination that it is classed with the sin against nature. The words against cursing are, " Quoniam quidam blasphemica verba et sacramenta de DEO jurant, DEUM ad iracundiam provocantes, istis injungimus abstinere ab hisjusmodi et alitis blasphemis verbis, et non jurare per capillos et caput et his proxima verba." It is unnecessary to translate this. The Emperour proceeds to declare, that on account of such crimes the land is visited with famine, earthquakes, and pestilence; and he denounces the punishment of death.

The common saying that there is no

pleasure in cursing and swearing, I should think cannot be true, otherwise that vice could not be so frequent as we know it to be, in spite of all the provisions against it. Indeed I have heard of a roaring squire who observed upon this, " No pleasure! no pleasure! Why I'd give up half my estate rather than not be allowed to swear." Here then was an end of the argument upon that head with him. In truth there is a certain kind of gratification in the force of which swearing is expressive; and although it has been said that " no man is born of a swearing constitution," yet, I imagine all men are at times inclined to swear, either as an immediate proof of their earnestness, or as giving vent to a strong passion. A gentleman of a violent temper, but of strict religious principles, was one day in high indignation at one of his colliers, whom he chased round a coal-pit with his stick brandished to beat him. The fellow had more agility than his master, and seeing him ready to burst with anger, he stopped a little, looked him in the face, and very imprudently said to him " Your honour's at a great loss that you dare not curse." In that case swearing would have been a relief to the gentleman, and consequently a pleasure. There is a remarkable instance to the same effect in a passion of a very different nature in Captain Inglefield's narrative of the loss of his Majesty's ship the *Centaur*, and of the wonderful escape of himself and a few more, after being lost seventeen days in an open boat, almost destitute of necessaries. He relates that one of the seamen upon being certain that he saw land " broke out into an immoderate swearing fit of joy, from which he could not be restrained." I have had the pleasure of being in company with Captain Inglefield since his dreadful danger, and found him most obligingly communicative. He told me that this seaman uttered a number of most extraordinary oaths, which seemed to be invented in the moment of his transport. So far as my opinion can have weight I would here do justice to that narrative, which is uncommonly simple, clear, and pathetic, and has a propriety of which the pious *Hervey* justly regrets the want, in the *History of Anson's Voyage*. I mean an acknowledgement of Divine Providence.

The

(a) Oaths. (b) Swearing. (c) Blood. (d) Stab. (e) Ugly.

The same rule I think should be applied to swearing, that Horace gives with regard to the introduction of a Divinity into the story of a Poem “*Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.* Let not a God appear unless when there is a difficulty worthy of such interposition.” The multiplicity of oaths judicially taken has been long a just subject of complaint, as rendering that appeal to the Searcher of hearts too familiar. I should think that in the administration of justice a discretionary power might be well exercised in that matter, so that an oath should not be taken but after many steps, and with much caution. The form too of swearing should be very solemn to impress awe and recollection. I have heard of a man who was ready to deny a debt upon oath in the usual manner, but acknowledged it to be just, when desired by the Judge to imprecate that the devil might instantly appear and carry him off if it was not so. Scotland has I think the advantage of England in the form of administering an oath. In England the words are hurried over by the clerk of court, and the person who swears only kisses the book, whereas in Scotland, the Judge solemnly pronounces and makes the person who swears pronounce after him what follows: “I swear by God himself, and as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgement, I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.”

The prostitution of oaths to trivial matters must defeat the very purpose of solemn asseverations. It is to be regretted that rash swearing is in general so habitual, that keenness or being in earnest is by many supposed to require it as a test. But we know it is a false test. When the Apostle Peter had twice denied his Lord, and was pressed the third time, we read “then began he to curse and to swear, saying I know not the man.” His denial was still as false as before. Had he, however, been called before a tribunal and put upon oath in form, it is probable he would have shrunk from perjury. Many who attest falsehood by tremendous imprecations in their ordinary discourse, would not do it deliberately. Common swearing, therefore, is pure profaneness. It has been alledged as an excuse for it that some kinds of men,

and sailors in particular, cannot be commanded without swearing. But that this is not true has been proved by the respectable examples of the present Earl of Northesk and of the late Captain Hamilton, brother to the Earl of Abercorn, who while captains in the navy, maintained a perfect authority on board their ships, where an oath was never heard, but the duties of religion were constantly performed.

National characters have been studiously displayed by many writers, and in general I believe with justice. The diversities of Swearing might be pointed out as corresponding with manners, so as to afford a good deal of entertainment. The Greeks swore strongly, if we may judge from the conversation of Socrates. We have not such good evidence of the swearing of the Romans. The oaths of modern nations will be found to be some of them shockingly impious, some diabolically malignant, and some extravagantly ridiculous. We have the peculiar oaths of some remarkable personages recorded. Those of our monarchs John and Charles II. are in every historian.

Swearing is a crime which hurts the feelings of a pious man exceedingly. And for my own part, though I have no authority, I have frequently found it difficult to restrain myself from warmly reproofing those who were guilty of it in my hearing. Nor can I absolutely consider as a madman a gallant, religious gentleman, who, if a story which I have read be true, called out a man for profaning the name of God in his presence, as an affront to himself directed against his greatest benefactor. I am sure there are few causes of single combat more rational, and none which would inspire the challenger with a higher courage. It is vain for any one to say that Swearing is so habitual to him that he is not sensible of it. Torpid as the most profane raver would represent himself, it is certain that he can, upon occasions, restrain his oaths. I knew an instance of a notorious swearer of high rank, whom a worthy magistrate with whom he was at dinner, warned that he was seriously determined to exact the statutory penalties. Not an oath was heard from him. Upon which, a lady who was present, and had often been shocked with his profanity, took the liberty to say

say to him, "Are you not ashamed of yourself?" A gentle admonition will sometimes have full effect. I remember being upon the walls at Chester when the present most amiable Bishop of that see, approached a young recruit who was cursing violently; and laying his hands upon him, said in a mild tone, "My friend, you will make as good a soldier, though you should not swear quite so much." The fellow had grace in him, pulled off his hat, bowed with profound respect, seemed out of countenance, and should hope was a better man ever after.

There is a false notion of spirit and fashion annexed to Swearing by some people, which is apt to mislead the young into the practice of it. This should be carefully counteracted by rational counsel. To do the present age justice, there is much less Swearing amongst genteel people than in the last age, when it was certainly a very flagrant vice.

Farquhar, whose comedies are, in my opinion, very lively pictures of the manners which he saw himself, has in his *Love and a Bottle*, excellently ridiculed the affectation of Swearing, in order to appear a man of the world. *Mockmode*, "a young 'squire, come

newly from the university and setting up for a beau," as he is announced by the authour in the *Dramatis Personæ*, according to the good old custom, is introduced getting instruction from *Rigadoon*, his dancing-master, while *Club*, his servant, is by.

"*Mock*. By the universe, I have a great mind to bind myself 'prentice to a beau—Cou'd I but dance well, push well, play upon the flute, and swear the most modish oaths, I wou'd set up for quality with e'er a young nobleman of 'em all—Pray what are the most fashionable oaths in town? *Zoons*, I take it, is a very becoming one.

"*Rig*. *Zoons* is only us'd by the disbanded officers and bullies: but *Zauns* is the beau's pronunciation.

"*Mock*. *Zauns*?

"*Club*. *Zauns*.

"*Mock*. *Zauns*, I must sneeze—
(sneezes)—*Bless me*.

"*Rig*. O fie, Mr. *Mockmode*, what a rustical expression that is!—*Bless me!*—you should upon all such occasions cry *Dem me*. You would be as nau-seous to the ladies as one of the old patriarchs, if you us'd that obsolete expression.

"*Club*. I find that going to the devil is very modish in this town."

An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE XXXV.

PICTURES of the Heart, Sentimentally delineated in the Danger of the Passion; an Allegorical Tale: The Adventures of a Friend of Truth, an Oriental History, in two Parts: The Embarrassments of Love, a Novel; and the Double Disguise, a Drama, in two Acts. By John Maroob, 2 Vols. 12mo. Bew.

THESE volumes are much beyond the run of common novels. They abound in sentiments; they are fertile in incidents; and they pourtray characters with vivacity and art. The imagination of the author, while it is rich, is corrected by taste; and he attains the exquisite advantage of making the passions move to the call of virtue. His pieces not only amuse, but instruct. In his composition and manner, there is a masterly force; and we cannot but commend him for endeavouring to make his language express his feelings in all their strength. His diction, accordingly, is sometimes so highly elevated, as to appear gigantic and extravagant to common and superficial observers, but this circumstance we are disposed to con-

sider as a merit. For in writings of this kind, we ought never to forget the remark of the poet, that authour,
'*May RISE to FAULTS which critics dare not mend.*'

XXXVI. The Epistolary Correspondence, Visitation Charges, Speeches, and Miscellanies of the Right Rev. Francis Atterbury, D. D. Lord Bishop of Rochester, with historical Notes. In two Vols. 8vo.

WE are indebted to the ingenious and industrious Mr. Nichols for this publication. On the whole it is curious and interesting; though some trifling pieces are admitted which can confer no credit on the bishop, and were not worthy of the care of the editor. And yet even these may be considered of some degree of consequence, as far as they tend to throw light on the private or public character of a man so celebrated for his abilities, and so distinguished for his sufferings as Bishop Atterbury. Many of the letters are worth reading on account of their intrinsic excellence; though too many appear to be published

published for no other reason but because they were Atterbury's: and Atterbury having been the friend of Pope and the other wits of the day, whose attention gave distinction, and whose praise conferred fame, his very trifles acquire a sort of relative, and adventitious consequence, and we are willing to see such a man even in his most careless and unguarded hours. We are sometimes amused by the trifles of a great man; and sometimes flattered by them. We are glad to see him on a level with ourselves—where if we cease to admire, we also cease to envy him.

Some of the pieces published in this collection have been already communicated to the world; others and those not a few, and not the least meritorious, are now for the first time published. The editor particularly acknowledges his obligations for the communication of several curious pieces, to some of the Bishop's nearest relations. They are undoubtedly authentic:—for we know no person so cautious on this head as the present editor. If he sometimes admits into his collections more than is necessary, yet he never admits more than is genuine: if he doth not always gratify, yet he never imposes on the reader; and if he condescends (which in the present collection he is not ashamed to acknowledge) to borrow from Curi, yet he never gets at intelligence by Curi's meanness, nor passes off impositions and forgeries with Curi's effrontery.

We pay this compliment to a deserving man, whose industry saves some a great deal of trouble, and gives others a great deal of entertainment and information.

XXXVII. *An Enquiry into the Causes of the Infidelity and Scepticism of the Times.* By John Ogilvie, D. D. 8vo.

DR. O'GILVIE appears to write with the best intentions; we wish, however, that his work had something better to recommend it than the intention of doing good. To deny Dr. O'GILVIE the praise of genius would be injustice to him; but to give him any commendation for perspicuity of language, or for solidity or force, or compactness of argument, would be higher injustice to the public. As a poet he was sometimes sublime; sometimes elegant; and frequently instructive. As a divine—as a philosopher—as a logician, he is inaccurate, obscure, and insufferably tiresome. His work is so diffuse, so declamatory, so devoid of that *lucidus ordo* where the reader always sees the author's object, and goes on regularly towards it by natural and obvious steps, and doth not forget this moment where he was the last, that in the perusal of it we were sometimes bewildered in a labyrinth of ideas, and at other times thrown into a barren desert, where we had scarcely any ideas at all!

XXXVIII. *The American Wanderer through various Parts of Europe. In a series of Letters to a Lady.* By a Virginian. 8vo.

THERE are some that think the author (as Sancho Pancho said) saw all these various parts of Europe, over which others wander with much fatigue and to little purpose, "dry-shod at home!" Let that be as it may, we have wandered with him—we will not say with uninterrupted satisfaction; he did not design we should—but with such a degree of it as we have seldom met with in journeys confessedly sentimental. His descriptions are very lively; his reflections are sometimes very acute and to the point; attention is arrested, and expectation generally gratified. The author hath wit; he hath vivacity and penetration: but he is not always delicate; he is frequently frivolous; and we think we too often see the coxcomb.

XXXIX. *The general prevalence of the Worship of Human Spirits in the Antient Heathen Nations asserted and proved.* By Hugh Farmer. 8vo.

THIS learned and ingenious author maintains that the demons mentioned in the Scriptures, and in the antient writings of the Pagans, do not mean a distinct class of beings of a different nature, and originally in a different situation from the human race. They mean human spirits supposed to exist at present, in another state, and who received the distinction of demons, from some signal actions performed by them while they resided in this world. In support of this position, he hath shewn much erudition: but the work is not calculated to entertain the generality. It will offend the orthodox; and there are some fastidious critics who will say, that the work doth not discover deep learning, or extensive reading; or acute investigation; or indeed any thing but what might have been accomplished by a moderate understanding, assisted by great industry, and wholly absorbed in one object.

XL. *The Modern Art of Love, or the Congress of Cythera.* Translated from the Italian of Count Algarotti. small 8vo.

SINCE Algarotti's time the *Art of Love* hath varied its forms; and the *Congress of Cythera* hath introduced some new regulations—particularly in respect to the state of love in this country. Instead of the sullen and unsocial silence attributed to Englishmen; instead of politics and the bottle proving an armour against the shafts of love, the most frivolous *petit maître* could not desire a more trifling and uninteresting conversation than the Pantheon records could constantly testify; nor could the most ardent votary of Cythera expect greater appearances of love, whatever becomes of the reality than are every day visible

visible in the circles of the great and gay in this nation.

In the preface we are informed that this little work (elegant and ingenious without doubt) passed through seven editions in a few years at its first publication in 1744. It had its day!—but its night is now come.

XLI. *The Constitutions of the several Independent States of America; the Declaration of Independence; the Articles of Confederation between the said States; the Treaties between His Most Christian Majesty and the United States of America. With an Appendix, containing an authentic Copy of the Treaty concluded between their High Mightinesses the States-General and the United States of America, and the Provisional Treaty. Published by Order of Congress.* Walker, 4s.

HERE we have the great outlines of an arrangement which involves a whole continent in the new world. The Editor we understand is the famous De Lolme, whose evolution of the British constitution does so much credit to his genius and industry. From him we learn the following particulars, which are well entitled to attention, from all who would study the work with care:

In framing their respective constitutions, each colony has followed its own particular views; from which it has resulted, that their governments are all different from one another. In the Colony of Pennsylvania, for instance, they have especially directed their endeavours, not only towards establishing public frugality, but also towards preventing too much power of any kind falling into the hands of any individual; while the Colony of Massachusetts have shewn in that respect much greater confidence, and have allowed the Governor of their Commonwealth a degree of power at least equal to that possessed by the Stadholder, in the Dutch Government: only, he is to be chosen annually. In regard to the State of Rhode-Island, as they already formed, before the American Revolution, a kind of independent Republic, through the election that had been made by Charles the Second to their Governor and Company, of all

powers legislative, executive, and judicial, they have continued to admit their original charter as the rule of their government; and it has accordingly been inserted among the constitutions of the other United States.

It may be remarked, in respect to the American Republican Governments, that they differ in two very essential points from the ancient Grecian and Italian Commonwealths, as well as from the modern European ones, which were all framed on the model of these: one, is the circumstance of the people being represented in the new American Republics; and the other, is the division of the legislature into two distinct separate bodies, that takes place in them, and which they have adopted, as well as many other essential regulations, from the British form of government.

The precedence among the different American States, like that which obtains among the Helvetian Cantons and the Dutch Provinces, has not been settled from their respective degrees of power and importance, but from the time of their existence, and the dates of their charter. The treaty of perpetual confederation between them, which is inserted in this book, may be considered as the law, or code, by which the United States are intended to be consolidated into one common republic; and as the different particular constitutions are to govern the different respective states, so the treaty is the constitution, or mode of government, for the collective North-American Commonwealth. The copy of this treaty, which is the most interesting part of the collection, has accordingly been placed at the beginning of this new edition, together with the *Declaration of Independence*, which may be considered as the ground-work of the whole present American political system. This disposition, which is that expressed in the order issued by the Congress, is also the most natural; and it has been rather improperly that the Committee, appointed to form the collection, have inserted these two pieces at the end of the book.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE RISING LEAF.

Addressed to a lady on sending the author a copy of verses on the Falling Leaf, which had been sent her by an old clergyman who made love to her.

THE falling leaf, let this poor bookworm sing,
Who is himself a stale and sapless thing,
In years and folly, not in wisdom old,
As autumn faded, and as winter cold.
How from a prig thus very starch and prim,
Could aught proceed but visionary whim?

His frigid heart, true honour never warm'd,
Nor all the charms of beauty ever charm'd.
Yet such a theme may well his muse engage,
In whom love braves the impotence of age!
Whose hopeless dotage, unabash'd, aspires
To mix bald lechery with Cupid's fires,

To thee on whom so many graces wait,
The rising Leaf forebodes a kinder fate.
And bids thee view with an exulting eye
What pleasures scatter'd on life's surface lie,
To soothe thy heart by hope propitious
giv'n

And form thy temper for approaching heav'n.
Fag

Far be misfortune from thy humble cot,
And ev'ry ill thou hast endur'd forgot.
Thin be the joys which worth alone con-
vey,

A youth of virtue, and an age of praise.
With all that can peculiar bliss impart
To so much beauty and so good an heart.

Lo! all around the op'ning buds appear
Big with the produce of the coming year.
Still as they swell by gen'rous nature fed,
The finest hues and sweetest fragrance spread.
The fields, where'er the wand'ring eye sur-
veys,

With beauty dazzles, or resounds with praise.
A thousand charms, a thousand blossoms show
Rip'ning apace, and blushing as they blow.
On ev'ry new-born gem some minstrel soon
Shall perch unseen and cheer us with a tune,
The spreading foliage cool the fervid air.
And shade from storms or sultry heat the fair.
Nurse the young fruit with genial warmth
and juice,
Till mellow all and all prepar'd for use.
Then all the leaves from all the trees around
Descend in flakes and fertilize the ground.
Nor even then an hopeless prospect give,
They only die and waste again to live.

Hail! happy thou while age his distance
keeps, [sleeps.
And sorrow hush'd by hope's bright vision,
A thousand scenes of genuine delight,
All yet uninjur'd glad thine eager sight,
A thousand blessings in thy bosom glow,
And nought but joy thy destinies bestow,
A thousand virtues own thy tender care,
And point thee out the pattern of the fair,
Thy patience often and severely tried,
Has stern mischance in ev'ry form defied.
Simplicity by nature solely taught,
In thee still seems felicity of thought.
Yet, thou art truth itself, and prudence
guides,
Thy ev'ry word and deed but never hides.
Sweet smiling innocence, and guileless ease,
And all those little harmless arts that please,
Whatever does the female heart refine,
With ev'ry heav'n'y excellence—are thine!
Long may'st thou live Eliza wife and chaste,
For ever blest and for ever blest,
Far from the tumult of domestic strife,
A lovely, loving, and beloved wife,
Till virtue ripen'd by a length of years,
Thy destin'd course, to love triumphant
steers.
Where beauty sparkles in immortal bloom,
And all is pure beatitude to come.

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

LIFE's but a dismal dream, and death
To wake me from it stopp'd my breath.

Another on a Lady who had a habit of talking
loud.

NOW mute she lies, whose noisy tongue
In all our ears has often rung,

Hush! let her rest for young and old,
Had better die than hear her scold.

POEMS by the late Mr. GRAY.

On Mr. E——'s being ordained.

SUCH Tophet was so grum'd the bawling
fiend, [friend,
While frightened prelates bow'd and cast'd him
Our mother church with half averted sight,
Blush'd as she bless'd her grizly proselyte,
Hosannas rung thro' hell's tremendous borders,
And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

On Lord Sandwich's canvass for the High
Stewardship of the University of Cambridge.

WHEN by Jemmy Twitcher had smugg'd
up his face,
With a lick of court white-wash, and serious
grimace,
A wooing he went where three sisters of old,
In harmless society guttle and scold.
Lord, sister, says Physic to Law, I declare,
Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket
air,

Not I for the Indies! you know I'm no prude,
But his nose is a sham and his eyes are so
lewd, [fear,

Then he shambles and straddles so oddly I
No—at our time of life 'twould be silly I
swear, [his look,

I don't know, says Law, but methinks for
'Tis just like the picture in Rochester's book,
The character! phiz!—then his morals and
life, [a wife,

When she died I don't know, but he once had
They say he's no christian, loves drinking
and whoring, [roaring,

And all the town rings of his swearing and
And filching and lying and Newgate bad
tricks,

Not I for a coronet, chariot, and fix!
Divinity heard betwixt waking and dozing,
Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing,
From the table she rose with a bumper in
hand, [her hand,

First strok'd up her belly, then strok'd down
What a pothor is here about wenching and
roaring, [whoring,

Why David loved catches and Solomon
Didnt Israel filch from the Egyptians of old,
Their jewels of silver and jewels of gold,
He drinks, so did Noah; he swears so do I,
The prophet of Bethel we read told a lie.
To reject him for such piccadilloes were odd,
Besides he repents, for he talks much of God,
Never hang down your head, you poor penitent
elf,

Come bux me—I'll be Mrs. Twitcher myself,

Written on the sea-shore by moon-light.

WHEN still at eve the moon ascending,
Thro' the Heav'n's pathless wide,
From a cloud of silver bending,
Pours her radiance o'er the tide,

While

June

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orders,
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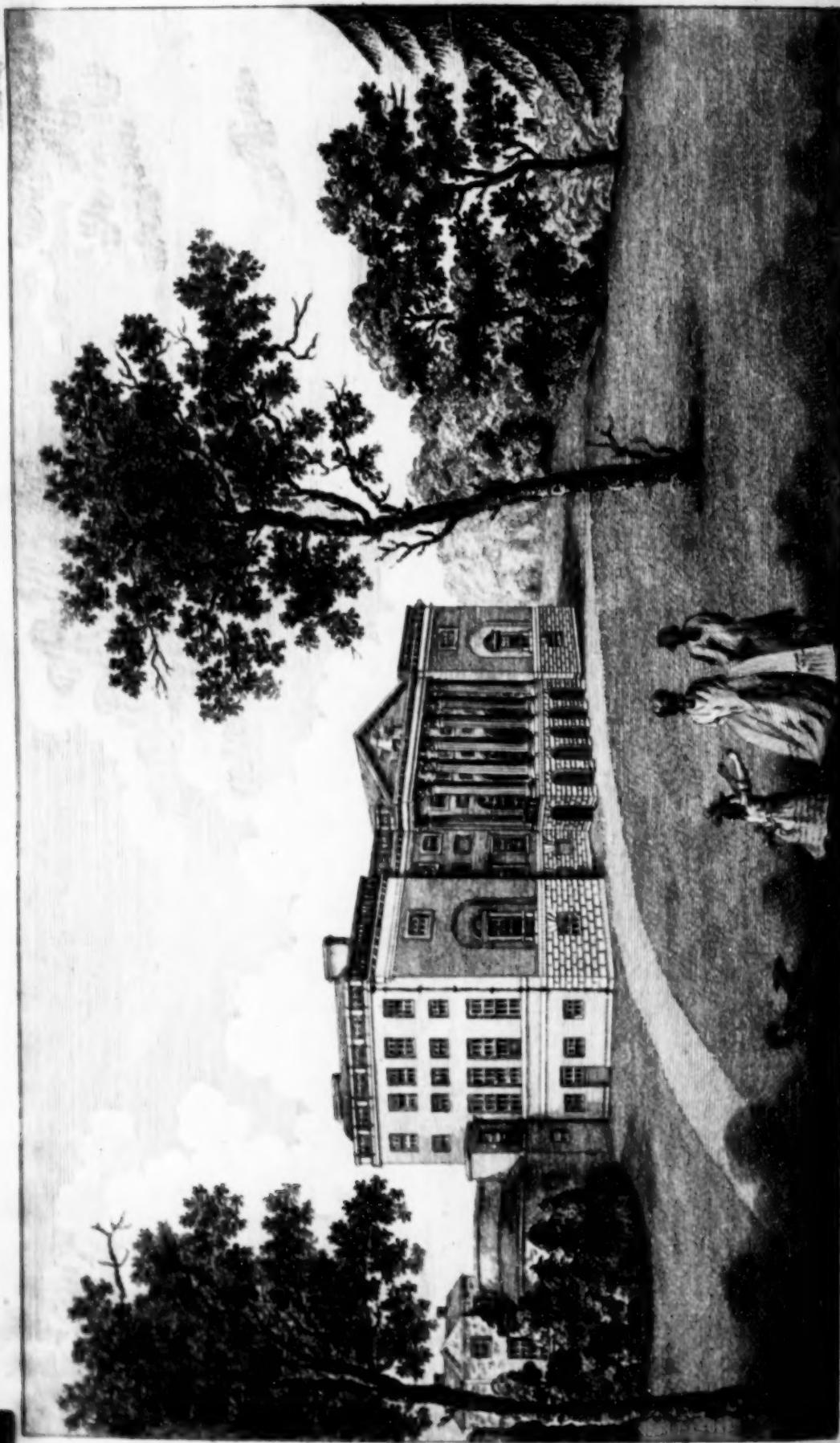
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Thorndon Place, the Seat of Lord Petre.

Published and to be sold by B. Dering, July 1, 1760.

While with flow and measur'd motion,
Hark ! awhile the dashing oar,
Cleaves the bosom of the ocean,
Echoes round the winding shore.

Rocks their lengthening shadows casting,
Far convey the hollow sound,
While circling white-wave, white-wave
chasing,
In dying murmur breaks around.

When nature thus all softly pleasing,
Steals upon the gen'rous soul,
Refines it all to subtlest feeling,
Bids the tear of rapture roll.

Vainly force of words, of language,
Seek the thought with sound t'invest,
A' nol the keen the rapt'rous anguish,
Glow but in the feeling breast,

Go catch the moon stream in the waters,
Arrest the trembling star of even,
And then with words, with voice that faulters
Fritter in sound the finest touch of Heaven.

A.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.
On his elegant Translation of Horace's Art
of Poetry.

— *Non tibi parvum
Ilegitum, non incultum est, et turpiter birtum.—
Prima farts ederæ videricis præmia.*

HOR. EPIST.

IN this TRANSLATION, we with wonder
find,
The thoughts of Horace with his graces join'd;
Bentley, Francis, Towers, and many more,
Are now surpass'd, with all their antient lore;
For where the Roman's scanty words have
fail'd,
Thy brighter genius, COLMAN, has prevail'd,
Age after age great Horace will admire,
For attick wit, and bold poetic fire;—

* A Favourite phrase with the abettors of severity, in 1775.

His classic rules for verse with art he draws,
And holds up Nature by chaste Nature's laws.
Proceed, sweet Muse! applause shall crown
thy pains.

And add new charms to his immortal strains;
Make Horace shine with splendour like his
own, [crown,
And twine fresh wreaths around his hallow'd
Then ev'ry Muse shall consecrate thy song,
Then ev'ry Muse shall thy great fame prolong,
As justly meriting the highest praise—
The critic's ivy with the poet's bays.

P. S. I. EPINENSIS.

THE QUACK.

JOHN BULL, a 'squire of eminence and
worth,
Employ'd a Quack physician from the north,
To cure his corns—they gave him wond'rous
pain,

And made his worship hobble and complain:
To wearing shoes full tight these corns were
due,
Which to remove QUACK thus advis'd to do;
" The more of pain from these vile corns you
find, [bind;

In shoes and boots more tight the rascals
'Gainst sense of feeling soon 'twill make
them proof,

And callous as an unshod ass's hoof."—
This new prescription drove his worship mad,
Not Hell's worst pains, he vow'd, were half
so bad; [in spite—
He roar'd—he grinn'd—he show'd his teeth
Poor soul! he show'd his teeth, but cou'd not
bite; [sure *,

The QUACK at length, determin'd to make
And for the future against corns secure,
Cut both his patient's legs off, and then swore,
" He ne'er made like a bonny keure before."

Hull, June 2, 1783.

J. R.

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

LONDON.

LITERARY NEWS.

R. Gibbon is in great for-
wardness with his completion
of the Roman History, and
Dr. Johnson, since his late
illness, has assigned a valuable
work into the hands of his
executors, to be published after his death.
The press also groans with a Life of the
Right Hon. Charles Fox, in which his
whole parliamentary conduct and publick
opinions are brought into one point of view.
Dr. Robertson has nearly finished his History
of North America, and Dr. Stuart, hav-
ing discomfited him on British ground, is

LOND. MAG. June 1783.

also prepared to enter the lists with him on
this. And all lovers of genuine humour
will soon be gratified with a rich repast in
the *Tour of the Tinkers*, by the author of
The Man in the Moon.

MONDAY, June 2.

On Saturday the Court Martial sat at the
Horse Guards, and passed the following sen-
tence on Lieutenant Colonel Cockburne:

" The Court Martial having duly consid-
ered and weighed the evidence given in support
of the first charge against the prisoner Lieu-
tenant-Colonel James Cockburne, with that
produced in his defence, is of opinion, that
he is guilty of the whole of the said charge;
namely, of culpable neglect while command-
ing

Q. 9

ing in chief his Majesty's forces on the island of St. Eustatius, in not taking the necessary precautions for the defence of the said island, notwithstanding he had received the fullest intelligence of an attack intended by the enemy upon the same; and of having, on the 26th day of November suffered himself to be surprized by an inferior body of French troops, which landed on the said island without an opposition; and did most shamefully abandon and give up the garrisons, ports, and troops, which were under his command: and this court do adjudge, that he, the said Lieutenant-Colonel James Cockburne, be therefore *castrated* and declared *unworthy* of serving his Majesty in any military capacity whatever, and that the same be notified to him publicly at the head of the 13th and 15th regiments of foot, who were under his command at the time of the said surprize, if that may conveniently be: and the court doth, for the sake of example, further adjudge, that the charge of which the prisoner has been so *fully* convicted, together with the sentence pronounced against him, be declared in public orders, and circulated to every corps in his Majesty's service."

As soon as the sentence was pronounced, the court in the most public, satisfactory, and honourable manner exculpated Lieutenant Mackenzie and Lieutenant Rogerson, from the very false and cruel aspersions which the prisoner had thrown out against them in the course of his defence; but as this very interesting Court Martial is speedily to be published, we will not anticipate the curiosity of our readers, by entering into any further particulars.

It is a circumstance as singular as it is awful, that Lieutenant Colonel Cockburne was deprived of his honour and his military employments about 12 o'clock, on the 31st day of May, 1783, and near that hour, and on that day two years ago he succeeded the late Brigadier General Ogilvy, in the command of the garrison of St. Eustatius. "The ways of Providence are dark and intricate," and her ends are accomplished by the most extraordinary means. When we recollect the contempt with which Colonel C. treated all the orders of his brave and much lamented predecessor, and the insult he offered to the affliction of Captain Ogilvy, by superseding him in his public employments the day on which his uncle was buried, and before his ashes were cold in the grave; when we recollect his austerity, and the insolence with which he exercised his power, one wou'd be apt to believe that he is held forth to the world, and to military men in particular, to teach us all, that the mild and christian like virtues of justice, benevolence, compassion, and fellow-feeling, are as necessary to insure us success in the present, as happiness in a future world.

WEDNESDAY, 4.

Yesterday advice was received from Falmouth of the arrival of the Thynne packet, from Jamaica; she sailed from thence the 9th of April, and brings an account of a sloop having arrived at Port Royal on the 22d of March with dispatches from Admiral Pigot, containing advice of the preliminaries of peace being signed. This news in general was read with marks of disapprobation. The Queen Charlotte packet, that left Falmouth the 24th of February, was arrived at Jamaica; she was appointed to sail for Europe the 21st of April, so that she may be shortly expected. When the Thynne sailed there was no advice of the Cork fleet that sailed the 16th of February, under convoy of the Boreas frigate. We are sorry to find, by the letters brought yesterday, that the parishes of Westmoreland, Clarendon, and some others, were greatly distressed for want of rain; but in other parts of the island there were very plentiful crops. Many ships were nearly loaded, and purposed sailing a few days after the packet. It appears that Lord Hood and his squadron, with Prince William Henry, had sailed on a cruise two or three days prior to intelligence of the peace being received; but Admiral Rowley had dispatched a frigate to acquaint him of the cessation of hostilities.

FRIDAY, 20.

The industry of opposition made a conspicuous figure in the papers of yesterday. The Morning Trumpets and the Evening Horns, sounded an expected change of administration. The establishment of the Prince of Wales's household was the parographical and effaical foundation on which this unsuccessful event was founded. Line crowded on line, in those papers where conscience directed the writers; and, if Evening intelligence could be depended on, there was truth in the story of a resignation of the present ministers, as palpable as ever the *demagogic* lines of an Hibernian print were conspicuously just, when they popularised, without even an undistinguishing ray of puffing, the late *huzza'd* Viceroy of Ireland. The evanescent hope of the *Butean* party has, however, vanished; and poor Charles Jenkinson has not even a ghost of expectation now to disturb the nightly meetings of his once all-managing junto. Providence interfered for the people, and manifested a love for the freedom and constitutional happiness of this country. The circumstances are as follow:

A few weeks ago, administration, after having previously obtained his Majesty's permission for so doing, presented a plan of establishment for the Prince of Wales, to be in readiness to take place immediately after the celebration of his approaching birth-day. —After revising the plan, his Majesty expressed

pressed his entire approbation and concurrence in every part of it, and neither objected to the sum proposed to be allowed, nor to the persons named as intending to fill the various departments of the household, &c. This approbation having been then very readily given, the administration were not a little surprised, on a late application to his Majesty to put his signature to the message to be sent to the House of Commons, as the regular form of introducing the business in parliament, to be informed by him, that he had entirely changed his mind on the subject, and that he was not prepared to send any message to his parliament upon the occasion whatever. This entire revolution of sentiment in the royal breast took place immediately after a long interview which a late Viceroy held with his Majesty, and a subsequent conversation with Lord Mountstuart, and the Right Hon. Charles Jenkinson, who may reasonably be supposed to have interfered (doubtless from the best motives) in working this sudden and unexpected conversion. In consequence of the King's determination, ministers expressed a resolution of resignation, as it appeared evident to them, that there were evil men behind the throne, who possessed more influence than the ostensible ministers of the country; but a council was held yesterday, at which his Majesty attended, to take the affair fully and candidly into consideration. The result of it we understand to be this, that upon hearing the various reasonings that were urged upon the subject by the several members of the cabinet, his Majesty, with that openness and magnanimity which should ever characterize royalty, professed himself convinced of the error he was led into, and the business has therefore been most cordially settled, with an increase of esteem and attachment on both sides.—The friends of the present ministry in parliament, conducted themselves with remarkable zeal and attachment on the occasion; for on the first intimation of danger, they came in multitudes from their seats in the country to offer their support (some even from the distance of Cornwall) and displayed such an appearance both of ardour and strength, as has entirely damped the hopes of the Butean opposition, and put all chance of a successful contention with the present administration quite out of the question.

SATURDAY 21.

Yesterday some despatches were received at the Admiralty from Lord Hood; they are dated off Bermudas, and came by the Fortune frigate that is arrived at Portsmouth. It appears that his lordship did not call at the Havannah; the Fortune joined the squadron off that place, having been in there in company with the Diamond frigate, that was dispatched by Admiral Rowley to settle

the exchange of prisoners with the Spaniards. Many gentlemen were arrived at the Havannah from Jamaica on commercial business,

The Pigmy sloop, that is arrived at Plymouth from Jamaica, sailed from thence the beginning of May, and brings advice that the Ulysses man of war was to sail from Jamaica the 10th of May, with the homeward bound trade.

P R O M O T I O N S

THE King has been pleased to order a congé d'élire to pass the great seal, empowering the Precentor and Chapter of the Cathedral Church of St. David's to elect a Bishop of that see, the same being void by the translation of the Right Reverend Father in God John, late Bishop thereof, to the see of Bangor; and his Majesty has also been pleased, by his royal sign manual, to recommend to the said Precentor and Chapter, the Reverend Edward Smallwell, Doctor in Divinity, to be by them elected bishop of the said see of St. David's.—The Reverend Mr. Thomas Urquhart to the Church and parish of Rosskean in the Presbytery of Tam and county of Ross, vacant by the death of the Reverend Mr. John Calder.—The Reverend Mr. Thomas Constable to the united parishes of Laff, Benvey, Invergourie, and Loggie in the Presbytery of Dundee and county of Forfar, vacant by the resignation of the Reverend Mr. John Playfair.—The Reverend Mr. James Lapsey to the church of Campsey in the Presbytery of Glasgow, vacant by the death of the Reverend Mr. William Bell.—

— Scott, Esq., kissed the Queen's hand, on being appointed King's counsel.—A congé d'élire passed the great seal, empowering the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral Church of Bristol to elect a Bishop of that see, the same being void by the translation of the Right Reverend Father in God Dr. Lewis Bagot, late Bishop thereof, to the See of Norwich; and his Majesty has been pleased, by his royal sign manual, to recommend to the said Dean and Chapter, the Rev. Christopher Wilson, Doctor in Divinity, one of the Canons Residentiary of St. Paul's to be by them elected Bishop of the said See of Bristol.—The Reverend Cyril Jackson, Doctor in Divinity, the place and dignity of Dean of the Cathedral Church of Christ, in the University of Oxford, void by the translation of the Right Reverend Father in God Lewis, late Bishop of Bristol, to the See of Norwich

B I R T H S.

RIGHT Hon. Lady Rodney was safely delivered, of a son at her house in Hertford-street.—The Countess Dowager of Granard brought to bed of a son on the 22d inst.

inst.—Lady Walpole was safely delivered of a daughter, at his lordship's house, White-hall.

MARRIAGES.

AT the cathedral in Chichester, John Holmes Gobé, Esq. of Burpham, near Arundel, Sussex, to Miss Methold, of Bath.—John Ewers, Esq. of the Inner Temple, to Miss Atkins, of Austin-Friars.—On Monday last — Stillingfleet, Esq. page to the King, to Miss Griffiths of St. James's Palace.—Capt. Wyburne, of Greenwich, aged 74, to Miss Fox, one of his tenant's daughters, to whom he stood godfather, adopted as his child from her infancy, and caused to be educated in the most accomplished manner.—John Simeon, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, to Miss Cornwall, eldest daughter of John Cornwall, Esq. At the same time, P. J. Thellion, jun. Esq. to Miss E. E. Cornwall, third daughter of John Cornwall, Esq.—At St. John's church, Westminster, — Roberts, Esq. of Rochester, to Miss Curtis, of Marsham street.—At Tenterden, Kent, Richard Hassenden, jun. Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Elmestone, of the same place.—At Winbourne, in Dorsetshire, the Rev. Mr. Mayo, to Miss Jenny Barfoot.—Alexander Shairp, Esq. of Broad-street Buildings, to Miss Snaip of the same place.—Mr. Nathaniel Slaughter, of Paternoster-row, to Miss Mary Bush, of St. Paul's Church-yard.—At St. James's church, Mr. Wilkinson, of King-street, to Miss Fortescue, of the same place.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir George Alanson Winn, Bart. to Miss Blennerhassett.—At the same church, Sir John Jervis, Knight of the Bath, to Miss Parker, daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Parker.—Mr. Thomas Hankin, coal-merchant, of Leicester-square, to Miss Elizabeth Lockwood, of Lambeth.—At Clapham, Mr. Richard Clarke, of Dowgate-hill, merchant, to Miss Will, of Clapham, Surrey.—Mr. Thomas Lawford, of Gracechurch-street, to Miss Webb, of Queen-square, Westminster.—Shore-butch, Esq. of Stanmore, in the county of Middlesex, to Miss Ricant, of Bedford-street, Bedford-square.

DEATHS.

MRS. Elizabeth Rambin, wife of Dr. Peter Rambin, at his house in King-street, Golden-square.—Mr. Cazelett, who had been several years an officer under Gen. Washington.—John Hanley, Esq. a captain in the 20th regiment of foot, and aide-de-camp to the commander in chief in Ireland.—Miss Angerstein, wife of J. J. Angerstein,

Esq.—Master Francis Kinneer, youngest son of Captain Kinneer, of the Royal Navy.—The Rev. William Stafford Done, D. D. Chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln.—Mr. John Lawrence.—Robert Gregory, Esq. at Hampstead.—Mr. Gustavus Hamilton, who lately arrived from America.—George Butler, Esq. of Downe, in Kent.—Colonel John Innes, commandant of the 5th battalion of Royal Artillery.—Dr. Goldwyer, of Hatton-street, so long eminent for his skill in disorders of the eyes and ulcerated legs.—Mrs. Elizabeth Birch, wife of Josiah Birch, Esq. at the Lodge of Faifworth, near Manchester.—At his house in Canterbury, Thomas Lawrence, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, late an eminent physician in London, and some years President of the College.—Thomas Strickland, Esq. eldest son of the late Mannock Strickland, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.—Mrs. Bathsheba Perkins, relict of Edmund Perkins, Esq.—Mr. Robert Ayrton, sen. attorney at law.—Capt. Burnett, of the Royal navy.—At Deptford, in the 18th year of her age, Mrs. Bovington, who was married to Captain Bovington, about three weeks ago — John Nodes, Esq.—John Grundy, Esq.—Anthony Ridgeway, Esq.—William Lymestone, Esq.—The Hon. Mr. Bateman, one of the commissioners of the navy.—Charles Webber, Esq. Rear-admiral of the White.—Captain Anthony Aesky.

BANKRUPTS.

WILLIAM BUCKLER, late of Milk-street, London, warehouseman.
John Grimer, of Upminster, Essex, Bore Cole manufacturer.
Edward Archer, of Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, Middlesex, weaver.
Richard Hedger, of Virginia-street, Ratcliff highway, Middlesex, cooper.
Richard Watlington, late of Pall-Mall, wine merchant.
Daniel Corney, of Stamford River, Essex, miller.
William Lay, late of Mitford-lane, St. Clement Danes, coal-merchant.
George Butcher, late of Mill-bank-street, Westminster, but now in the King's Bench Prison, Surrey, coal merchant.
William Falconer, of Sheerness, Kent, taylor.
Thomas Alcock, now or late of Manchester, Lancashire, inn-keeper.
Andrew Gill, of Williton, Somersetshire, clothier.
William Grenville Hoar, late of Pall Mall, dealer.
Thomas Askew Leach, late of Bedford, grocer.
John Mills, of Brentford, Middlesex, stationer.
Thomas Luffingham, of Winchester-street, London, draper.
William Bradbury Hall, of Dartford, Kent, linendraper.
Abraham Houlson, now or late of Bristol, brazier.
William Fullerton, of Manchester, Lancashire, looking-glass manufacturer.
William Clarke, of Ringwood, Southamptonshire, and Sarah Stephen, of Ringwood, aforesaid, common brewers.
William Smith, of Newcastle upon Tyne, dealer.
John Roberts, of Liverpool, Lancashire, merchant.
Leonard Dixon, late of Leeds, Yorkshire, grocer.
John Maw, of Stamfordbridge, Yorkshire.
William Frankcombe, of Bures Saint Mary, Suffolk, miller.

William

William Arnott, of Sunderland near the Sea, Durham, taylor.

Francis Oliver, of Hinckley, Leicestershire, shop-keeper.

John Green, of Bristol, tobacconist and snuff-maker.

Sarah Hatheral and Elizabeth Hatheral, both of Sherborne, Dorsetshire, carriers.

John Orme, of Manchester, Lancashire, merchant.

John Ledgingham, of Tetbury, Gloucestershire, dealer and Chapman.

George Stedman, of Bridgnorth, Salop, maltster.

Andrew Wood, of Poland street, Middlesex, ware-houemsn.

John Edmund Browne, of Winchester-street, London, merchant.

Richard Brute, of Green lettuce lane, London, insurance broker.

Robert Black, of George yard, Tower-hill, London, bookbinder.

John Fuller, of Basing-lane, Jeweller.

William Tait, late of Old Fish-street (surviving partner of Water Tait, deceased) linen manufacturer.

Robert Chaffers, of Tooley-street, Southwark, merchant.

William Barrett, of Great Queen street, Lincoln's-inn fields, button maker.

William Lyon, of Narrow-street, Limehouse, Middlesex, cooper.

John Twalmeiy, the elder, of Warwick, iron-monger.

Samuel Mason and Robert Woods, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, bankers.

Samuel Mason, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, corn-merchant.

Leesa Buchell, of Warford-court, Throgmorton-street, London, merchant.

Thomas Smith and John Farquhar, late of Cornhill, London, oilmen.

James Willets, of Bandy leg walk, Southwark, smith.

Charles Jemmet, the elder, of Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, money-crivener.

Thomas Leeming, of Ely place, Middlesex, money-crivener.

Joseph Coley, of Drew's Forge, Shropshire, forger-man and iron worker.

John Lufingham, now or late of Gunton, Suffolk, merchant.

William Bromley, of Bromley, in Birmingham, Warwickshire.

Christopher Lane, of Deptford, Kent, baker.

John Robins, of Ruisley, Bedfordshire, grocer.

Richard Bayham Rois, of Liphook, Hants, inn-holder.

Thomas Porteen Harris, late of Butcher row, East Smithfield, Middlesex, oilman and colourman.

John Martin, of Salisbury, Wilts, grocer.

Henry Eikon Greenstreet, late of Saint Neots, Huntingdonshire, but now of Southampton, brandy-merchant.

John Letty, of Bath, Somersetshire, ironmonger.

John Godfrey, of Castle street, Bethnal-green, Middlesex, baker.

George Sant and James Sant, both of the Adelphi Wharf, coal-merchants.

Thomas Watson, of Doncaster, Yorkshire, innholder.

William Thomas, of Dean street, St. Ann's, Middlesex, taylor.

James West, of Duke-street, St. James's street, West-mister, but formerly of Madras, in the East Indies, merchant.

Williams Daughish, of St. John's-street, Middlesex, druggist.

Thomas Miller, late of Mortlake, Surrey, fruiterer.

Alexander Robertson, late of the Strand, carpenter.

John Trifram, of Marybone, Middlesex, grocer.

Thomas Fielder, of the Neckinger, Bermondsey, Surrey, calico printer.

George Morris, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, toy-maker.

George Carpenter of Kidderminster, Worcestershire, carpet manufacturer.

Thomas Hiffe the elder, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, toy maker.

Henry Parry, late of Clesney, Caernarvonshire, dealer.

Richard Purnell, of Abergavenny, Monmouth, cordwainer.

John Wellen, of St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, Surrey, mariner.

James Roffiter, of Oxford-street, St. Mary-le-bone, livery stable keeper.

Thomas Carter, of Queen Anne street, East, of St. Mary-le-bone, coal merchant.

John Abbott, late of Leeds, Yorkshire, but now of Mellor, Lancashire, shopkeeper.

Richard Hall, of Gloucester, innkeeper.

Thomas Elliott, the elder, of Fremington, York-shire, dealer.

Samuel Thomas, late of Fulwood's rents, Holborn, victualler, but now of Fetter-lane, London.

William Earle, of All Saints, Derby, mercer.

William Tunnicliff, late of Shrewsbury, Shropshire, carrier.

William Wood, late of Wifell, Yorkshire, maltster.

William Thorley, of Kingston upon Hull, wine cooper.

William West, of Great Newport-street, Newport-market, grocer.

Charles Dicas, of Chester, tallow-chandler, and soap-boiler.

Thomas Lucas, of Bishop's Castle, Shropshire, currier.

Charles Wakeman and Thomas Gillam, of Brill, linen drapers.

Willoughby Marsden, of Cheapside, London, hofier.

Richard Wright, of East Farndon, Northamptonshire, dealer.

Richard Parton, late of Knockin, Shropshire, dealer in horses.

John Rowley and Jonas Rowley, now or late of Cordicutt, Hertfordshire, millers.

IRELAND.

Extract of a letter from Dublin, June 7.

IHAVE just now received a letter from a Genevese, who is upon his journey to Ireland: he writes to me from Paris that our friend Melly had been sent to gaol immediately after his arrival at Geneva, and that a criminal prosecution is to be carried on against him. The same information has been given to Lord Mahon, who communicated it directly to Mr. Fox, Secretary of State for foreign affairs; that minister sent off the next morning an express with a letter to the Council of Geneva, and another for Mr. Brown, the envoy of the court of London at Bern, to claim our friend, as a subject of his Britannick Majesty. Lord Mahon has written by the same express to the first magistrate of Geneva, signifying his surprise at this act of violence, and requiring that his name should be expunged from the register of the citizens of Geneva, not deeming it any longer an honour to be one, since that city has lost her liberty.

“Mr. Melly was member of the Great Council of Geneva, and had been in Ireland to inquire about the nature of the asylum which is preparing there for his countrymen. He had not taken the oath of allegiance to the new government which the foreign powers have established at Geneva, and was not obliged to do it if he renounced all his political privileges. He had taken the oath of allegiance as an Irish subject at Waterford, so that his imprisonment is not only an act of violence, but a formal breach of the rights of nations.

“The magistrates of Geneva are so rigorous in the exertion of their usurped power, that they have condemned Counsellor Prevost (Cabains) to ask pardon of God and of the laws

laws, and to be suspended for three months from his functions, because he had offered to defend the cause of seven citizens who refused to pay their share of a forced contribution to defray the lodgings of the officers of foreign troops garrisoned at Geneva. It must be observed, that when these troops took possession of the city, their generals promised that they should compel nobody to lodge officers or sailors. These generals were at least equitable enough to think that they were to be furnished with lodgings by the aristocracy who had called them in.

"These circumstances only serve to increase the desire of emigration. In a situation like this, a separation is absolutely indispensable on both sides. One party will never be able to forget the liberty it has enjoyed, and the other, who is in possession of a government founded upon fear and upon the strength it receives from foreign assistance, knows nothing but to oppress. Deprived of every kind of esteem, even among the citizens who seem to be of their party, abhorred by the greatest number, they are reduced to the sad resources of tyrants."

EAST-INDIA AFFAIRS.

Extract of a letter from an officer in the East-India Company's service, dated Bencoolen, April 13, 1782.

"ON Monday the 18th of March, at half past two in the morning, it having been exceeding stormy the evening before, our magazine and laboratory were fired by lightning, the former containing about 430, and the latter 100 barrels of powder, and every implement of artillery was totally destroyed.

"I was in bed at my own house, which was not quite 150 yards from the place where the magazine stood, and plainly saw the flash, which burst open the shutters, and extinguished a lamp I had burning in my chamber; immediately after the roof of my house fell in, and buried me in the ruins, but as it consisted chiefly of bamboo, I was not hurt: I contrived, I know not how, to get into my hall, the floor of which I found covered with broken glass, from the fall of the lamps and lantern that had been in it: here I remained for some time, not knowing what to do, whether to remain in the house or run out, it then raining excessively. All this time I imagined that my house only had suffered, supposing it had been struck with lightning. At length I saw a light in the fort, which increased very fast, and a sergeant came running to acquaint me, that the Seapoy barracks had taken fire, and immediately after the drums beat to arms.—I went to the fort—but what a scene was there!—It is next to impossible to describe it. The barracks torn to pieces—the men under

arms half naked—and the fire burning furiously. Notwithstanding the heavy rain which then fell, it continued till near six in the morning, when it was burnt out, not a part of the Seapoy barracks being left. On my return to my own house, I found not a room in it had escaped, nor a lock or bolt but what was forced open, every shutter and door split to pieces, and the furniture all broke, or spoiled by the explosion or rain; the roof and sides full of holes, from the vast quantity of shot and brickbats which had gone through them; the papering ripped off in a thousand places: in short, the house, which though about four months before cost me 750 Spanish dollars, was not in its present state worth 200. What is most extraordinary is, that though innumerable shot and brickbats were flying about, not a single European received any hurt from them. Almost every house in the settlement was nearly ruined, all the plaster being stripped off, the glasses, shades, and china, entirely destroyed. The Company's loss, exclusive of individuals, is estimated at 90,000 dollars. The only lives lost are four seapoys and two women. Picture to yourself our situation—surrounded by the most treacherous set of rascals under the sun, with only forty-three half-barrels of powder remaining, and not a single cartridge made up, except a very few which the men had in their pouches. However, the natives did not think proper to attack us."

AMERICAN NEWS.

The following is a copy of the orders issued by General Washington to his troops, on the arrival of the information that the Preliminaries of Peace had been agreed to between the States and this country.

CHATHAM, April 23.

Head Quarters, April 18, 1783.

THE Commander in Chief orders the cessation of hostilities between the United States of America and the King of Great Britain to be publicly proclaimed tomorrow at twelve o'clock, at the new building; and that the proclamation which will be communicated herewith, be read tomorrow evening at the head of every regiment and corps of the army; after which the chaplains, with the several brigades, will render thanks to A'mighty God for all his mercies, particularly for over-ruling the wrath of man to his own glory, and causing the rage of war to cease among the nations.

Although the proclamation before alluded to extends only to the prohibition of hostilities, and not to the annunciation of a general peace, yet it must afford the most rational and sincere satisfaction to every benevolent mind, as it puts a period to a long and doubtful contest, stops the effusion of human blood,

blood, opens the prospect to a more splendid scene, and like another morning star, promises the approach of a brighter day than hath hitherto illuminated the Western hemisphere. On such a happy day, which is the harbinger of peace, a day which completes the eighth year of the war, it would be ingratitude not to rejoice; it would be insensibility not to participate in the general felicity.

The Commander in Chief, far from endeavouring to stifle the feelings of joy in his own bosom, offers his most cordial congratulations on the occasion to all the officers of every denomination; to all the troops of the United States in general; and in particular to those gallant and persevering men, who had resolved to defend the rights of their invaded country, so long as the war should continue. For these are the men who ought to be considered as the pride and boast of the American army; and who, crowned with well-earned laurels, may soon withdraw from the field of glory to the more tranquil walks of civil life. While the Commander in Chief recollects the almost infinite variety of scenes through which we have passed, with a mixture of pleasure, astonishment, and gratitude; while he contemplates the prospects before us with rapture, he cannot help wishing that all the brave men, of whatever condition they may be, who have shared the toils and dangers of effecting this glorious revolution; of rescuing millions from the hand of oppression, and of laying the foundation of a great empire, might be impressed with a proper idea of the dignified part they have been called to act, under the smiles of Providence, on the stage of human affairs; for happy, thrice happy! shall they be pronounced hereafter who have contributed any thing; who have performed the meanest office in erecting this stupendous *fabric of freedom and empire* on the broad basis of independency; who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions.—The glorious task for which we first flew to arms being accomplished—the liberties of our country being fully acknowledged and firmly secured by the smiles of heaven on the purity of our cause, and the honest exertions of a feeble people, determined to be free, against a powerful nation, disposed to oppress them; and the character of those who have persevered through every extremity of hardship, suffering, and danger, being immortalized by the illustrious appellation of the *patriot army*; nothing now remains but for the actors of this mighty scene to preserve a perfect unvarying consistency of character through the very last act, to close the drama with applause; and to retire from the military theatre with the same approbation of angels and men which have crowned

all their virtuous actions. For this purpose no disorder or licentiousness must be tolerated. Every considerate and well-disposed soldier must remember it will be absolutely necessary to wait with patience until peace shall be declared, or Congress shall be enabled to take proper measures for the security of the public stores, &c. As soon as these arrangements shall be made, the general is confident there will be no delay in discharging, with every mark of distinction and honour, all that enlisted for the war, who will then have faithfully performed their engagements with the public. The general has already interested himself in their behalf, and he thinks he need not repeat the assurance of his disposition to be useful to them on the present, and on every other proper occasion. In the mean time he is determined that no military neglects or excesses shall go unpunished while he retains the command of the army.

The Adjutant General will have such working parties detached, to assist in making the preparation for a general rejoicing, as the Chief Engineer with the army may call for; and the Quarter-master General will, without delay, procure such a number of discharges to be printed, as will be sufficient for all the men enlisted for the war—he will please to apply to Head Quarters.—An extra ration of liquor to be issued to every man tomorrow to drink, “Perpetual Peace and Happiness to the United States of America.”

G. WASHINGTON.”

Philadelphia, April 26. Their High and Mighty Lords, the States General of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, have been pleased to constitute his Excellency Dedem Van Peckendam, &c. as Ambassador to represent them in the United States of America. As this honourable appointment was made on the 26th of February last, his Excellency may shortly be expected in this metropolis.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Paris, June 2.

THE navigation canal of Burgundy, to join the ocean and the Mediterranean by the Loire and the Sône, across the Chartois, which had been proposed even before the days of Francis I. but has hitherto remained without execution, although approved of by that prince; although it was even begun under Henry II. and that Henry IV. had resumed the project, and that the estimation and adjudication of it had been made under Louis XIII. has at last been granted by Louis XVI. to the States of the Duchy of Burgundy, by an edict of the month of January last. This new road opened to the commerce of the two seas, expects, and seems to necessitate another, which

which would in fact complete all that could be executed most beneficial for the universal opulence, and the interior vivification of France; that is, the junction of the Seine and Rhone to the Rhine, by the river of the Doubs, whose confluence is in the Soane. It is well known, that the preference given to the Doubs over the Moselle to operate that junction, would obviate more inconveniences, and open the shortest and most direct correspondence between the different parts of the kingdom, and the foreign circumjacent countries; and could even extend the navigation by the Danube, to the extremities of Europe; then the canal of Burgundy, to which this last wou'd be re-united, would become, as it were, *la veine pulmonaire de la France*: it is there that the blood, forced with vigour into an infinity of other vessels, would carry into every part of that large body, life and health. There is, therefore, reason to hope, that the enterprise of the canal of Burgundy, that enterprise so worthy of the views of public utility, which induce the King to increase the number of navigable canals, will not remain imperfect; that the communication of the Soane and the Rhine by the Doubs, forming an essential, and even an indispensable part of the construction of the first canal, will be effected without delay. The edict contains 22 articles.

Alexandria, April 10. The exiled Beys, in Upper Egypt, being strengthened daily by the arrival of some malcontents who fled after them from Cairo, the governour has determined to bring them under subjection, and sent into the country for that purpose an

army commanded by Murat Bey, who had under his command four other Beys. The activity of Murat in executing his commission was such, that it was difficult to delay his departure to the end of last March, in order to give time to the Egyptians to get in their corn, the harvest of which is in February. This delay was the more necessary, as the waters of the Nile had not risen last year to their usual height, and much of the land had not been watered. The superiority of the forces under the command of Murat Bey give us reason to hope well of his expedition; but it is impossible not to be apprehensive for the fidelity of the officers and troops: there will be the greatest anxiety in Cairo till the news arrives of the first engagement.

Vienna, May 24. The fortifications of Cothorro, which suffered very much by the late earthquakes, are not to be repaired, but that town is to be rebuilt at a greater distance from the Danube.

Frankfort, May 24. Charles-William Eugene, Margrave of Baden-Hochberg, first cousin to the father of the reigning Margrave of Baden, general of foot in the service of the King of Sardinia, and Knight of the Palatine order of St. Hubert, died at Graben the 9th of this month, in the 70th year of his age.

Lisbon, May 13. A negro, named Anthony Mascarenhas, died here the 5th of this month, aged 110 years. Born at Mandinga in Africa, he had been a slave to Counsellor Don Joseph Mascarenhas Pacheco, with whom, like a faithful servant, he had remained 18 years in prison.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Criticism on Blair's Lectures, which has been unavoidably postponed for the present, shall appear next month.

We agree with the correspondent who in defence of the Bishop of Chester's Sermons, so ably urges the necessity of cherishing authors of eminence. His arguments from the credit of the profession, and the trade of literature are specious. We have only to add, that there is a right and wrong in criticism, as well as in every other thing—that the liberal genius of this elegant art depends on the strictest impartiality, and that literature is not worth preserving any longer than it can support itself without having recourse to the contemptible artifices of prostitution or accommodation. We should be obliged to him, however, or any of the reverend prelate's admirers for an answer to that obnoxious criticism, as we are always disposed to do equal justice to both sides of every question.

We agree with W. S. that second thoughts are best, and are sorry that the extreme length of his verses has deprived our readers of them. And he must be sensible on thinking once more, that such very long articles, however excellent, cannot possibly suit the nature or mechanism of a miscellany, which has so manifest a dependence on variety as the London Magazine.

INDEX TO THE PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY, TO THE ESSAYS
ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, AND TO THE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN OCCUR-
RENCES, FOR THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THE YEAR 1783.

ACCIDENT, a melancholy one, at Lynn in Norfolk	53	Cunis, Sir Roger, a naval commander during the siege of Gibraltar	3
Address to the public, by Will with-a-wisp, 19			
—Of the city of London, on the conclusion of the war, 101.—Of the merchants and traders of ditto, on the same occasion	145	DAPHNE, description of the temple and sacred grove of	62
Algiers, anecdotes of the Dey of	4	Deism, original letters thereon, 80.—On religious controversy, 80.—On Christianity, as founded in fact, <i>ibid.</i> —On Mahometanism, 82.—On the authenticity of Scripture, <i>ibid.</i> —On the history of ditto, 84.—On the power of the Messiah, 161.—On the resurrection, 162.—On the Christian doctrines	163
Ambition, philosophical thoughts thereon	279	Desultory thoughts on a late atheistical publication	266
America, great rejoicings there in consequence of the peace	249	Devotion, original observations thereon	272
American Loyalists, their rights considered	114	Dialogues of the dead—Lord Herbert, Mr. Hume, Mercury	65
Annual Register, a new one, for the year 1782, 63.—Of polities and extraordinary promotions, <i>ibid.</i> —Of literature, useful projects, characters, and of morality and religion	64	Disputing society, a, anecdotes of, 228.—A North Britain of an original cast	229
Apology for the Pope	125	Dissent, a, from a late sentence of the general assembly of the church of Scotland	263
Apparitions and old wives fables, thoughts thereon	123	Dodd, late Rev. Doctor, a letter in his behalf	218
Arrangement of the new ministry	194	Dover volunteers, letters from them to Gen. Conway	100
Atterbury, anecdotes of that celebrated bishop	68	Duel between Mr. Riddell and Mr. Cunningham, in which the former was mortally wounded	200
Aurengzebe, the Great Mogul, anecdotes of	7	Durham, part of the sea-coast of that county described	206
Autumn, philosophical reflexions on that season of the year	274		
BANBURY castle, the siege of	27	EASTERN anecdotes.—Advice of one of the Mahometan's wives.—Singular speech of a slave	112
Bank of Ireland, when first opened	150	Equal representation, thoughts thereon, addressed to the landed gentlemen of Scotland	186
Belgiojoto East-Indiaman foundered on the coast of Ireland, 145.—Particulars of the cargo of that ship	146	Europe, the present state of, 222.—Its climate, 223.—Its religion, 224.—Its trade, 225.—Its politics, 226.—Its balance of power	227
Bengal, particulars of private letters from thence	101		
British bravery, an anecdote	180	FALSE prophets reprobated	127
—Queen, miraculous escape of a passenger on board that ship	44	Fire—At the house of Mr. James Taylor, farmer, at Chatton, in Staffordshire	149
Brutality, an anecdote	179	Fitzherbert, Mr. demands the colours of the Scotch Brigade in Holland	151
CALCAREOUS cement, observations thereon	180	Fitzwilliam, William Earl, memoirs of that nobleman	107
Canine madness, two fatal instances of the dreadful effects of	53	Foots-Cray Place, the seat of Benjamin Harenc, Esq. a description of	112
Catholic confession of faith, twelve articles of, a little out of the common way	23	Fortune, on the inequality of, written to a lady	214
Chambers, Mr. Ephraim, an error corrected concerning his birth	75	Fox, John, his sentiments of toleration, in a letter to Queen Elizabeth	212
Charles the Second, an amorous anecdote of	178	Franklin, Dr. strikes a medal, relative to the events of the American war	152
Child, Mr. particulars of the settlement of his affairs	146		
Coalition, the late political one vindicated	172		
Cockburn, Lieut. Col. his sentence for furnishing St. Eustatius	297		
Calliers, those of Ruabon and Wrexham assembled in a riotous manner, 53.—Quelled by the Shropshire militia	<i>ibid.</i>		
Country curate, a, his address to married persons at the altar	26		
Courtenay, Hon. Miss Isabella, burnt in such a manner as to occasion her death, by her clothes accidentally catching fire	144		
Crown, the, the present Bishop of Llandaff's idea of the constitutional influence of	164		
Calidore, articles of capitulation for the surrender of			
Corrid in India, a fact	195		
London, MAG. App. 1783.	7		

Index to the Debates, Essays, &c.

H INTS of designs for historical paintings	123										
Holland, the States-General of, reprimanded by the King of Prussia for the ill-treatment of the Stadholder,	54.—Offer a reward for the discovery of the authors of certain libels										
55											
Honour, considerations thereon,	32.—True honour defined,	33.—False honour exposed	34								
Hughes, Sir Edward, copies of addresses sent him from the Governor-General of Bengal and Madras,	45.—Account of his engagement with the French fleet in the East-Indies,	197.—Further particulars of a subsequent engagement	248								
Human misery the companion of empire	21										
Hunter, Dr. William, physician extraordinary to the Queen, memoirs of	155										
Hypochondriack, the, No. 64, innovations in politics and religion disengaged,	5.—No. 65, thoughts on time,	59.—No. 66, diaries recommended,	108.—No. 67, on the memory,	156.—No. 68, on the modification of punishments,	203.—No. 69, the antiquity and utility of oaths,	290.—Curting and swearing reprobated,	291.—Inglefield's narrative commended, <i>ibid.</i> —Connection of swearing with manners	292			
I NDIA-HOUSE, particulars of advices received there from the East-Indies	249										
Infidelity, enquiry into the causes of	29										
Inglefield, Capt. particulars of his miraculous escape after the wreck of the Centaur	43										
Inquisition, the, considerations theron	124										
Johnson, Dr. an idea of his mode of writing	289										
Journal of a modern man of fashion,	150.—Of a modern fine lady	131									
K ING of animals, the, memoirs of	174.—His excellence,	175.—His deformity,	176.—His prospects and distinction	177							
Kirk politics in Scotland,	85.—Principal Robertson's conduct to the Antiquarian Society,	86.—Who the present ecclesiastical demagogues are,	<i>ibid.</i> —Their oppressive despotism,	87.—Aristocracy predominates in Scotland,	<i>ibid.</i> —The meanness of their clergy,	88.—Their sectaries, from whence derived,	<i>ibid.</i> —Their turbulence and sedition,	<i>ibid.</i> —The necessary interference of government	89		
Knights of St. Patrick, in Ireland, their institution	99										
L ETTER—from Lord Grantham to the Lord Mayor, on the arrival of the Preliminary Articles of Peace,	44.—From an old man,	85.—From Admiral Pigot at Barbadoes to Mr. Stephens at the Admiralty,	99.—From Lady Alcibi to Comte de Vergennes,	102.—To the Editor on the peace,	128.—Sent to a Friend inclining towards Deism,	161.—From Sir Eyre Coote at Madras to the Secretary of State,	194.—From Capt. James Hughes to Sir Eyre Coote, on the surrender of Caddalore in the East-Indies,	195.—From Admiral Hughes to Mr. Stephens, on the engagement between his fleet and that of M. Suffren,	197.—From John Fox to Queen Elizabeth,	212.—To a Lady on some interesting subjects,	214, 268.—In behalf of the late reverend
but unfortunate Dr. Dodd,	218.—From an officer in the East-India service	302									
L iterary news	297										
Llandaff, the present Bishop of, his idea of the constitutional influence of the crown	164										
Longevity, remarkable instance of,	149.—Of a Negroe who died at Lisbon	304									
Lunar Editor, his modesty,	220.—Strictures on Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Gibbon,	221.—On Macpherson, Lowth, Stuart, Priestley, and Fordyce.	222								
M ADAN, Mr. observations on his Thelyphthora	261										
Man, original thoughts on his destination	269										
Melly, Mr. his treatment at Paris	301										
Messina, particulars of the dreadful earthquake that happened there	151										
M'Gennes, some particulars of his trial for the murder of Mr. Hardy,	44.—His sentence mitigated by the King to two years imprisonment	101									
Military genius of nations, observations thereon	74										
Ministry, arrangement of the new one	194										
Miscellaneous observations on some remarkable occurrences in history,	119.—False censure,										
120.—A prostitution of the epithet Great,	<i>ibid.</i> —An idea of a conqueror	121									
Mysticism, original thought thereon	271										
N ASSAU, the Prince of, robbed on his journey from Madrid to Cadiz	150										
Navigation, an eulogium of	275										
News-papers, remarks thereon	264										
New thoughts upon old subjects	113										
New-York, returns from thence of the number of rank and file killed in the British service	146										
Nightingale, the history of,	277.—The subject of ancient as well as of modern panegyric	278									
O BSERVATIONS on the corrupt passions, prejudices, and mistakes of mankind,	23										
On a passage in Mr. Pope's <i>Dunciad</i>	265										
Ogg, Mr. arrives at St. James's with the Preliminary Articles of Peace	44										
Old wives tales and apparitions, thoughts thereon	123										
O'Leary, on toleration,	124.—An apology for the Pope,	125.—False prophets reprobated	127								
Oratorical Gesticulation, thoughts thereon	282										
Original Letters on some interesting subjects	214, 262										
P ALERMO, some slight shocks of an earthquake felt there	256										
P ARLIAMENTARY HISTORY.											
Substance of the King's speech on the opening of the session,	14.—The Marquis of Caermarthen moves for an address,	<i>ibid.</i> —Lord Sandwich gives his sentiments on public affairs,	<i>ibid.</i> —And is followed by Lord Stormont,	15.—Lord Shelburne supports American independence,	16.—Mr. Yorke, in the Lower House, moves for an address, and Mr. Fox rises to attack the speech,	<i>ibid.</i> —Gov. Johnstone attacks the conduct of Lord Howe, which is defended by Mr. Secretary Townshend,					

Index to the Debates, Essays, &c.

shend, 17.—Lord North rises in support of unanimity, and considers the state of the nation, 18.—The address carried without a division, 19.—Mr. Burke considers the speech as insolent and absurd, and is severe on the minister, 76.—Mr. Pitt makes a severe reply thereto, and is attacked by Mr. Fox, *ibid.*—The House in a committee of supply, for the purpose of voting the Navy, 77.—Mr. Burke attacks the silence of the minister, whom Mr. Pitt rises to justify, *ibid.*—The vote of supplies reported from the committee, and read a second time, 78.—Gen. Conway moves for the thanks of the House to be given Gen. Elliott, *ibid.*—The motion carried, with amendments, 79.—The provisional treaty with America warmly handled in the Upper House, 132.—In the Lower House, Lord Mahon moves for leave to bring in two bills relative to elections, which was granted, 133.—The Lord Advocate states the progress he had made in East-India affairs, 133.—The Lord Mayor of London makes a motion respecting the high price of corn, 134.—Lord Mulgrave moves for a vote of thanks to Sir Edward Hughes, for his services in the East-Indies, *ibid.*—Mr. Fox makes a motion respecting the provisional articles in the treaty of peace, 135.—The affairs of Ireland debated, *ibid.*—Mr. Pitt gives notice of his intention to bring forward a regulation in the mode of representation, 136.—Mr. Burke moves for leave to bring in a bill for the sale of forest land, &c. *ibid.*—Mr. Hartley makes a motion respecting America, *ibid.*—Mr. Lewin, the East-India defaulter, surrenders himself, and is taken into custody, 182.—Mr. Whitehill, another delinquent of the same kind, also throws himself on the mercy of the House, *ibid.*—Mr. Secretary Townshend moves for a bill to remove all jealousies with Ireland, 183.—Passed without a dissenting voice, 184.—Notice given to the House of the signing of the preliminaries of peace, *ibid.*—Mr. Vyner brings forward a report of the mutiny at Portsmouth among the Athol Highlanders, 185.—Lord Newhaven makes a motion relative to the bill, 233.—Mr. Sheridan moves for papers concerning the treaty of peace, 234.—The Earl of Pembroke, in the Upper House, moves for an address of thanks to the King, on the signing of the preliminaries of peace, *ibid.*—Earl of Carlisle proposes an amendment, *ibid.*—Mr. Oswald considered by Lord Townshend as an improper person for negotiation, 235.—Lord Shelburne's speech on the preliminary articles, 236.—Debates in the Lower House on the same business, 239.—The ministry lose the motion for an address on the peace, by a majority of fifteen, 241.—The discussion of the preliminary articles brought forward afresh, 282.—Several resolutions relative to that business put separately, 285.—The terms of peace centured by a majority of seventeen, 289.

Patriots and patriotism, desultory remarks on, 121.—What posterity will think of a noble Duke, 122.

Peace, preliminary articles of, between Great-Britain and France, 46.—Between Great-

Britain and Spain, 48.—Between Great-Britain and the United States of America, 49

Pericles, a famous Athenian statesman, his character, 281

Pitt, the Right Hon. William, his defence of the Peace, 116.—His statement of the Navy, *ibid.*—Our finances ascertained, 117.—His estimate of our loss and gain by the peace, 118.

Pleasure, thoughts thereon, 25

Plymouth, particulars of a terrible riot in that town, 53

Politician, clerical, original thoughts on, 270

Pope, Mr. observations on a passage in his Dun-ciad, 265

Pope of Rome, his charge to the venerable brethren at a secret consistory, 55

Portland, the present Duke of, memoirs of, 260

Powder-mills at St. Medard, in France, blown up, 150

Pride mortified, 217

Priestley, Dr. his sentiments of monasteries, and of the order of Jesuits, 209

Proclamation for the cessation of arms by sea and land, 99

Proposals for a reformation of surnames, absurdly applied to discordant trades and professions, 211

Providence, thoughts thereon, addressed to a lady, 215

Prudery, original thoughts thereon, 271

Public liberty in North Britain, the present state of, 204

QUEEN Elizabeth, original letter written to her by John Fox, the martyrologist, 212

REMARKS on gospel quackery, 70

Rio de la Plata in South America, an account of, 188

Rome laid under water by the sudden melting of the snow, 150

Rural christian, the, his thoughts on the Deity, 111

Rural solitude, a soliloquy, 273

Russian ambassador, the, an anecdote of, 102

Ryland, Mr. who was hanged for forgery, particulars concerning him, 159

SCEPTICAL affectation, thoughts thereon, addressed to a lady, 216

School for Scandal, the, strictures thereon, 169.—On the consultation between Lady Sneerwell and the editor of a news-paper, 170.—Character of Charles Surface, *ibid.*—and of his brother Joseph, 171

Scotch mode of voting at general elections, 181

Scripture criticism, a, 28

Sensibility, philosophical reflections thereon, 275.—Mortifying views of life, 276

Severus, Alexander, a Roman Emperor, anecdotes of, 8

Siddons, Mrs. original and impartial strictures on that celebrated actress, 35.—Considerations on her person, *ibid.*—Her temper, 36.—Her voice and manner, 37.—Conclusions drawn from the whole, 38.—Her character vindicated, in answer to the above censures, 91

Soldier, the, a tale, 165

Spalding, the late Mr. the improver of the dining-bell, some account of him, 228

Stanhope, Major, a board of enquiry upon, 228

Index to the Poetical Essays.

ed to examine his conduct relative to the surrend ^r of Tobago	146	Torrington, Lord, appointed minister plenip ^o tentary at the court of Brussels	150
T ELESCOPES, observations on the construction of	73	W ALK, a, in St. James's Park	231
Thoughts on a late atheistical publication	266	Wallace, Capt. Sir James, applies for a court-martial on Lieut. Bourne, and commences an action against him in the King's-Bench	101
Thunderbolt, account of the effects of one felt at Landas, near Verneuil in France	150	W ashington, Gen. copy of the orders issued to his troops, on the information of the preliminaries of peace being signed	302
Title-Page Vamp, a poor starved author, the life and lamentations of, &c.—His singular proposal to the public, by way of N. B.	13	Will-with-a-Wisp's address to the public, 19.—His remarks on Gospel quackery	70
Toleration, Fox's sentiments of	213	Wool and cotton compared	129
Toplady, the late Mr. strictures on that clergyman	218		

INDEX TO THE POETICAL ESSAYS.

A CROSTIC, an, on a young lady who died at the age of thirteen	192	Q UACK, the	297
Author, an, his address to his book, a mock elegy	<i>ibid.</i>	R HAPSODY, the, addressed to a friend	41
Author, the, his epitaph	296	Rising leaf, the, addressed to a lady on shewing the author a copy of verses on the falling leaf, which had been sent her by an old clergyman who made love to her	295
C HARACTERS of orators in the British senate	43	S ELF-CONCEIT	143
D ETERMINATION, the	142	Spring, a poem	<i>ibid.</i>
E ARLY piety, a fragment	193	V ERSES on seeing a negro weeping over Mr. Boscowen's tomb	97
Epilogue to the Mysterious Husband, spoken by Miss Younge	96	Veres on revisiting Bath after a long absence, addressed to Strephon	98
Epitaph, sacred to the much-lamented memory of Master William Caulfield	193	— on a very passionate lady	141
— on a lady who had a habit of talking loud	296	— addressed to Eliza	<i>ibid.</i>
Extempore, to a friend	144	— on the British empire in America, written by an English officer, some years ago, at Boston in New-England	142
F AREWELL, the, on leaving England	42	— to Miss Matty	<i>ibid.</i>
Fragment, a	142	— to a friend on the past and present measures of g—t	144
H APPY flea	247	— to Mrs. H. F. on her missing one of the two beautiful fawn-tailed doves, which went by the name of Jupiter and Juno	193
Horace, Ode IX. imitated	97	— by a young lady, on hearing a sermon	194
L INES written under a sun-dial in a gentleman's garden near London	43	— translated from some ancient Erse poetry	245
Little Owl, the	244	— addressed to Florella, on making the best use of present pleasures, by the late Dr. Philip Doddridge	246
Love song	292	— addressed to Chloe	247
O DE for the new year, written by William Whitehead, Esq. poet-laureat	40	— written on the sea-shore by moon-light	296
Original translation of two Welch poems of great antiquity	246	— addressed to George Colman, Esq. on his elegant translation of Horace's Art of Poetry	297
P ANEGYRIC, addressed to Mr. Barry, the artist, on seeing the third picture in his exhibition	248	W ISH of a lady	143
Poems by the late Mr. Gray, on Mr. E—'s being ordained	296		
Prologue to the Mysterious Husband	95		
Propertius, Book II. El. 12.	97		
Psalm XLVI.	247		

INDEX TO THE REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A DVICE to the officers of the British army	95	rope. In a series of letters to a lady, by a Virginian	294
American wanderer through various parts of Eu-		Annus Mirabilis, or the eventful year 82	39
		BARATARIAN	

Index to the Review of New Books.

BARATARIAN inquest, the, a fragment of the works of the celebrated author of <i>Don Quixote</i> , presented by the Duke de Crillon to the translator, and dedicated to Sir W. Draper	40	Letters from the late Rev. Mr. James Hervey to the Right Hon. Lady Frances Shirley	95
CECILIA, or memoirs of an heiress, by the author of <i>Evelina</i>	39	Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, by Richard Lord Bishop of Llandaff	137
Combe-Wood, in a series of letters, by the author of <i>Barford-Abbey</i> and the <i>Cottager</i>	139	Letters military and political, from the Italian of Count Algarotti, Knight of the order of Merit, and chamberlain to the King of Prussia	139
Considerations on the provisional treaty with America, and the preliminary articles of peace with France and Spain	190	Lesson for lovers, or the history of Col. Melville and Lady Charlotte Richley	39
Constitutions of the several independent states of America, the declaration of independence, the articles of confederation between the said states, and the treaties between France and America	295	MAN of the moon, by the Man of the People	244
DISSERTATIONS, two; on the Grecian mythology, and an examination of Sir Isaac Newton's objections to the chronology of the Olympiads, by the late S. Mufgrave, M. D.	93	Miscellaneous poetic attempts of C. Jones, an uneducated journeyman woolcomber	95
Defence of the Rockingham party in their late coalition with Lord North	243	Modern art of love, or the congrés of Cytherea, translated from the Italian of Count Algarotti	294
ENQUIRY into the principles of ecclesiastical patronage and presentation, in which are contained views of the influence of this species of patronage on the manners and characters of the people	243	NINE discourses on the beatitudes, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Dean of Chester	40
Enquiry into the causes of the infidelity and scepticism of the times, by John Ogilvie, D. D.	294	Neoclassician, the, by Benjamin Dawson, LL. D. rector of Burgh, in Suffolk	189
Epistolary correspondence, visitation charges, lectures, and miscellanies of the Right Rev. Francis Atterbury, D. D. Lord Bishop of Rochester	293	PICTURES of the heart, sentimentally delineated in the danger of the passions, the adventures of a friend of truth, &c. by John Murdoch	293
Essay on crimes and punishments, with a view of, and commentary upon, Beccaria, Rousseau, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Fielding, and Blackstone, by M. Dawes, Esq.	39	Progress of poetry	40
Essay on the comparative strength of Britain, during the present and four preceding reigns, &c. by G. Chalmers	139	REMARKS on M. Rousseau's <i>Emilius</i> ; in which the celebrated profession of faith of a Savoyard curate is particularly considered	95
GALIC and English dictionary; containing all the words in the Scotch and Irish dialect of the Celtic that could be collected from the voice, and old books and manuscripts, by W. Shaw, A. M.	241	Reasons for resigning the rectory of Panton, and vicarage of Swinderby, in Lancashire, and quitting the church of England, by John Disney, D. D.	190
General prevalence of the worship of human spirits in the ancient heathen nations asserted and proved, by Hugh Fariner	294	Reports of the Humane Society for the recovery of persons apparently drowned	191
HISTORY of the corruptions of Christianity, by Joseph Priestley, LL. D.	138	Review of the polite arts in France at the time of their establishment under Lewis XIV. compared with their present state in England, by Valentine Green, F. S. A.	139
History of the progress and termination of the Roman republic, by A. Ferguson, LL. D.	140	SERMONS on death, judgement, heaven, and hell, by Mr. Whitaker, author of the history of Manchester	189
INQUIRIES concerning the poor, by J. M'Farlane, D. D. one of the ministers of the Canongate, Edinburgh	191	Sermons on several subjects, by the Right Rev. Bailby Porteus, Bishop of Chester	243
LETTER to the author of the history and mystery of Good-Friday, by a Layman	94	THOUGHTS on the difficulties and distresses, in which the peace of 1783 has involved the people of England; on the present disposition for emigrations, &c. by John King, Esq.	190
Thirty letters on various subjects	189	Tour to Cheltenham Spa, or Gloucestershire displayed, its mineral waters, public walks, amusements, environs, &c.	243
Travels in the Two Sicilies, by Henry Swinburne, Esq. in the years 1777—78—79—80	243	Two Mentors, the, a modern story	139

INDEX TO THE PROMOTIONS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c.

A	BBOTT	301	Bounds	147	Colman	52	Ely	255	
	Aciky	300	Bovington	300	Combrune	103	Emily	103	
	Adair	102	Bowen	147	Congreve	252	Emlyn	253	
	Adam	252	Bradley	255	Constable	103	Enderoy	103	
	Adams	253	Bradshaw	148	Coombs	103	Erskine	253	
	Addington	53	Brockholes	255	Cook	147	Essex	256	
	A'Deane	ibid.	Broderick	102	Cooke	147, 252	Estwick	146	
	Affleck	252	Bristow	147	Cooper	149	Evans	252	
	Aldus	256	Brompton	103	Cope	256	Everingham	103	
	Ailcock	300	Brooke	52	Corke	148	Ewer	254	
	Ailegre	148	Brookbank	253	Court	149	Ewers	300	
	Amfinck	255	Booth	147	Courtenay	253	Ewing	104	
	Anderson	148	Brant	254	Cox	147, 149	FALCONER	300	
	Andrews	148, 255	Bright	ibid.	Coyesgrane	255	Falkener	102	
	Angerstein	300	Bromley	301	Craig	51	Fallowfield	147	
	Anthony	52	Brown	53, 103, 149	Crawfurd	52	Farr	52	
	Arch	149	Browne	149, 301	Crespigny	103	Fielder	103	
	Archer	300	Browning	147	Crichlow	147	Fielding	52	
	Arnold	254	Bruce	301	Crook	254	Fisher	149, 252	
	Arnott	301	Bryant	253	Crooke	51	Fitch	253	
	Ashley	52	Buckler	300	Croome	252	Fitzgerald	255	
	Ashwell	252	Bullock	103, 254	Cuming	52	Fletcher	256	
	Atkins	254, 300	Bumpfield	149	Curtis	252, 300	Flower	147	
	Aubrey	254	Burford	ibid.	DALBIACK	255	Flucker	104	
	Aultin	148	Burge	147	Dalling	146	Foakes	149	
	Ayrton	300	Burges	149	Dalrymple	51, 148, 254	Foley	52, 252	
	B	BAGOT	147, 252	Butterworth	148	Dalton	147	Forster	53, 147
	Baines	254	Buxton	103, 255	Daniel	255, 256	Forrescue	300	
	Baker	53, 254, 255	CAERMARTHEN	102	Davis	255	Fortnom	52	
	Balcarras	253	Calvat	147	Dawes	147	Fox	254, 300	
	Bale	103	Campbell	103, 146	Deal	103	Foy	254	
	Ballard	252, 255	Carnegie	254	Deerhurst	52	Frankcombe	300	
	Barfoot	53, 300	Carpenter	254, 301	Deerhna	148	Franklin	254	
	Barnard	52, 148	Caruthers	51	Dellamotte	53	Frazer	148	
	Barnet	255	Carter	254, 301	De Visme	52	Frederick	254	
	Barret	301	Carteret	252	Dewinop	253	Freebrough	256	
	Baskow	256	Cattleman	149	Dibble	255	Freemont	149	
	Bate	53	Cater	253	Dicas	301	Frost	147	
	Bathurst	254	Cattel	253	Dickinson	254	Fuller	301	
	Battier	148	Cavelet	255	Digby	254	Fullerton	200	
	Baughan	147	Chatier	300	Dinham	255	G	ALLOWAY	253
	Bayley	53	Chatiers	301	Dixon	254, 300	Ganty	102	
	Beach	256	Champ	148	Dobson	148	Garland	253	
	Beale	147	Chapman	256	Dogood	53	Garrard	254	
	Beck	256	Chapple	53	Done	300	Gawthorne	147	
	Beckford	254	Charlton	148	Dormer	254	Gibbons	52	
	Beckley	148	Chate	254	Doudeuil	256	Gibson	ibid.	
	Bell	52, 103, 256	Chassereau	147	Douglas	254, 255	Gill	256, 300	
	Bellew	146	Cheete	ibid.	Drape	253	Gladell	147	
	Bendyfche	254	Chichester	103	Drummond	52	Glover	147, 254	
	Benn	52	Chudleigh	149	Duffen	255	Goble	300	
	Bennet	103	Clark	148	Duncan	103	Goddard	148	
	Bernard	149, 254	Clarke	103, 149, 300	Duncombe	ibid.	Godfrey	301	
	Bernidge	149	Clavering	147	Dutens	ibid.	Goldsimid	149	
	Beverley	53	Cleaver	252	Duthoir	ibid.	Goldwyer	300	
	Bingley	148	Clifton	148	Dutrinfield	147	Goodair	149	
	Birch	300	Clucas	103	Dyfon	255	Goodridge	256	
	Black	301	Coates	256	E	EARLE	254		
	Blackden	52	Cocks	103	Echlin	148	Gordon	52, 148	
	Blackmoor	148	Coldham	148	Edgell	ibid.	Gore	147	
	Blantyre	253	Coldwell	255	Edwards	255	Gosling	53	
	Blennenhaffett	300	Coleman	252, 255	Egerton	52, 255	Gottman	254	
	Bold	52	Coley	301	Elliott	148, 254, 301	Gough	200	
	Boiton	149	Collins	51, 147	Elmestone	300	Granard	255, 256	
	Bond	52	Collyer	147			Grant	Greece	
	Beestock	52							

Index to the Promotions, Marriages, Deaths, &c.

Green	53, 301	Hilfe	301	Mansel	253	Parry	253, 301
Gregory	254, 300	Inglefield	252	Marriott	51	Parton	301
Grey	253	Inneraritz	ibid.	Manden	301	Partridge	52
Griffiths	300	Innes	300	Mason	ibid.	Patrick	255
Grimstone	103	Johnson	104, 256	Martin	255	Pavey	253
Groslett	147	Jones	104, 146, 252,	Mathew	146	Paul	52, 256
Grundy	300		254	Maton	53	Peacock	53
Guile	102, 254	Joseph	149	Maull	ibid.	Peers	ibid.
Guydickens	146	Iredale	256	Maw	300	Pelham	ibid.
Gwynne	103	Irvin	52	Mayo	ibid.	Pembroke	51
		Juchau	256	Maxwell	252	Pengree	149
HADLAND	53	Ives	148	Meafe	52	Penton	103
Haffenden	300	Juniper	51	Meggison	ibid.	Pepperell	149
Hake	149			Melmoth	254	Perkins	148, 300
Hall	52, 255, 300, 301	KENT	253	Melvill	148	Perrott	253
Hamilton	51, 52, 300	Kerr	148	Metcalf	255	Peyton	104
Hankin	300	Kerwood	147	Miller	301	Philips	52
Hardon	148	Keywood	254	Minchin	253	Phillipson	255
Uarns	301	Kitmeir	300	Minchinson	148	Phipson	104
Harvey	147, 253	Kitchen	148	M'Leish	147	Pigot	253
Hartings	52	Kneeshaw	254	Mollo	52	Pinchbeck	148
Hatheral	301			Monk	104	Pitches	52
Havemeld	102	LABORDE	253	Montolieu	254	Pitt	148
Howarden	256	Lacon	53, 301	Moore	252	Pott	147
Hawkins	52	Laforey	253	Moravia	256	Potter	256
Hey	ibid.	Lamont	52	Morgan	103	Pounchy	147
Haydon	147	Lane	148, 301	Morris	301	Poxton	148
Haynes	52, 253	Langton	52	Morrison	104	Pratt	255
Heart	52	Lapley	299	Moseley	256	Preedy	102
Heartwell	ibid.	Latty	301	Mosgreave	ibid.	Prestcott	147, 253
Hedger	300	Lavell	53	Mott	53	Price	103
Henderland	146	Laurence	147	Mounsey	148	Prudom	148
Henshaw	53	Lawford	300	Mounttewart	102	Pyke	255
Herbert	52	Lawrence	ibid.	Moutray	252		
Hedelune	253	Lay	ibid.	Mouzon	254	QUAILE	103
Hewitt	252	Leach	ibid.	Muir	255		
Hey	254	Ledgingham	301	Mumford	52		
Heylyn	ibid.	Lee	147	Murray	52, 146	RAMKIN	300
Heyward	ibid.	Leeming	301	Musgrave	51, 148	Rawdon	146
Hilditch	252	Legge	255			Ricant	300
Hiller	149	Leigh	52	NAIRNE	148	Rice	53
Hinchbroke	252	Leighton	254	Neale	ibid.	Rich	52, 148
Hard	143	Lelefine	ibid.	Needham	147	Richards	148
Haur	300	Leven	253, 255	Newcome	254	Richardson	147, 254
Heare	103	Lewis	254	Newman	149, 254		255
Holden	254, 256	Leyson	103	Newton	256	Rickman	253
Holloway	148	Lidgate	255	Noble	147	Rider	53
Holmes	254	Lincoln	146	Nock	255	Ridgeway	300
Holt	252	Lifton	253	Nodes	300	Rigby	103
Home	52	Lockwood	300	Nolken	253	Roberts	102, 300
Hopfman	147	Lloyd	148	North	ibid.	Robertson	301
Hutley	52	Longworth	149	Norton	256	Robins	ibid.
Houlton	300	Loveden	253			Rochfort	103
Howard	147, 253	Lovegrove	ibid.	OCTAVIUS	255	Rock	148
Howarth	255	Lowndes	254	Odgers	256	Rodney	299
Howe	102	Lowry	256	O'Herlihy	255	Rollo	254
Hudfleton	103	Lucas	301	Oliver	301	Rofeter	103
Hudson	103, 147, 149	Lucena	102	Olderlaw	254	Rois	255, 301
Humphreys	255	Luffingham	300, 301	Oastow	103	Rossiter	301
Hunt	103, 147	Lymenitone	300	Orde	146	Rouligner	104
Hunter	255			Oriel	256	Rowlands	256
JACKSON	103, 148	MACKRELL	254	Orme	301	Rowley	256, 301
	255, 256, 299	Madden	103	Oxbaldeston	254	Rudsdell	254
Jacob	255	Magridge	253	Oury	103	Rumball	148, 254
Jacob	255	Majendie	252			Rutland	102
Jacomb	149	Malin	147	PACEY	52		
Jattie	255	Mann	254	Palmerston	ibid.	SALMON	149
Jersey	255	Manners	147	Paplay	254	Salomon	255
Jemmet	253	Manning	148	Parker	148, 300	Sandwich	253
Jervis	301	Mannington	52	Part	255	Sant	301
	300					Savory	

Index to the Promotions, Marriages, Deaths, &c.

Savory	147	Stafford	52	Travis	103	Webber	104, 305
Scalfe	256	Stamford	253	Trigge	51	Wellen	301
Scott	103, 254, 299	Stanhope	146	Tripp	252	Wells	254, 255
Seal	53	Staples	103	Triftram	301	West	148, 254, 303
Searle	103	Stedman	147, 301	Tuck	255	Weyland	253
Shartoe	149	Stephens	103, 148, 149	Tuckwell	256	Whichcote	147
Shairp	300	Stevens	53	Tunnicliffe	301	Whitaker	253
Sheldon	256	Stevenson	255	Tupper	51	White	256
Shepherd	148	Stewart	52	Turner	103, 149	Whitehead	147
Shorer	149	Sullingfleet	252, 300	Turton	52	Whitley	256
Shipley	254	Stokes	149	Twycross	103	Whittenham	148
Shirley	148	Storr	52	Tyler	254	Wierft	147
Shrigley	254	Stachey	252			Wight	ibid.
Shuckburgh	ibid.	Strickland	300	VALENTIA	255	Wilbraham	253
Simeon	300	Styles	149	Venables	148	Wilkinson	147, 256,
Sinclair	148	Surrey	51	Venn	147	300	
Singleton	254	Sutcliffe	254	Vere	52	Willets	301
Skeffington	102	Sutton	52	Vernon	52	Williams	254
Skinner	148	Sweeting	103	Urquhart	299	Willis	103, 148, 254,
Skrine	ibid.	Sydney	146			255	
Slade	103	Sykes	147	WAKELIN	52	Willoughby	147
Slater	146			Wakeman	301	Wills	300
Slaughter	300	TAKER	148	Waldo	52	Wilmot	103
Smallpiece	53	Tait	301	Wall	256	Wilson	103, 148, 253,
Smallwell	253, 299	Tilbot	253	Wallace	253	299	
Smirthwaite	53	Tate	254	Waller	149, 254, 255,	Wind	53
Smith	103, 147, 253, 254, 255, 300	Taylor	52, 148	256	Winn	300	
Smyth	146, 147	Tellam	149	Walpole	148, 300	Wittenoom	148
Solloway	149	Thellufson	300	Walter	149, 253	Wood	149, 301
Soulby	103	Thomas	255, 301	Wandsworth	255	Worlidge	254
Spencer	148	Thompson	52, 53, 253	Ward	148	Wright	148, 255, 301
Spiller	53	Thorburn	256	Warde	147	Wyburne	300
Sprent	147	Thorley	301	Warren	103	Wyckham	147
Squire	255	Tomlinson	148	Wathington	300		
St. John	147	Totle	147	Watson	148, 301	YEA	254
		Townshend	146	Webb	256, 300	Youngson	148

DIRECTIONS to the BOOK-BINDER.

PLACE the monthly title as it stands, the first page in every month. The engraved title and frontispiece must be placed at the beginning of the volume.

Head of Sir Roger Curtis, to face Page 3
West view of Gibraltar 4
Engraving of her Royal Highness Princess Augusta Sophia 61
Perspective view of London from Chelsea Bridge 73

Head of Earl Fitzwilliam	107
Perspective view of Foot's-Cray Place	113
Head of Dr. William Hunter	155
Map of Rio de la Plata	188
Halt-sheet view of London from Brixton-Causeway	248
Engraving of his Grace the Duke of Portland	260
Perspective view of Thorndon-Place	297

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE
ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

VOLUME THE FIRST,

FOR

JULY,

AUGUST,

SEPTEMBER,

OCTOBER,

NOVEMBER,

DECEMBER.

M DCC LXXXIII.

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

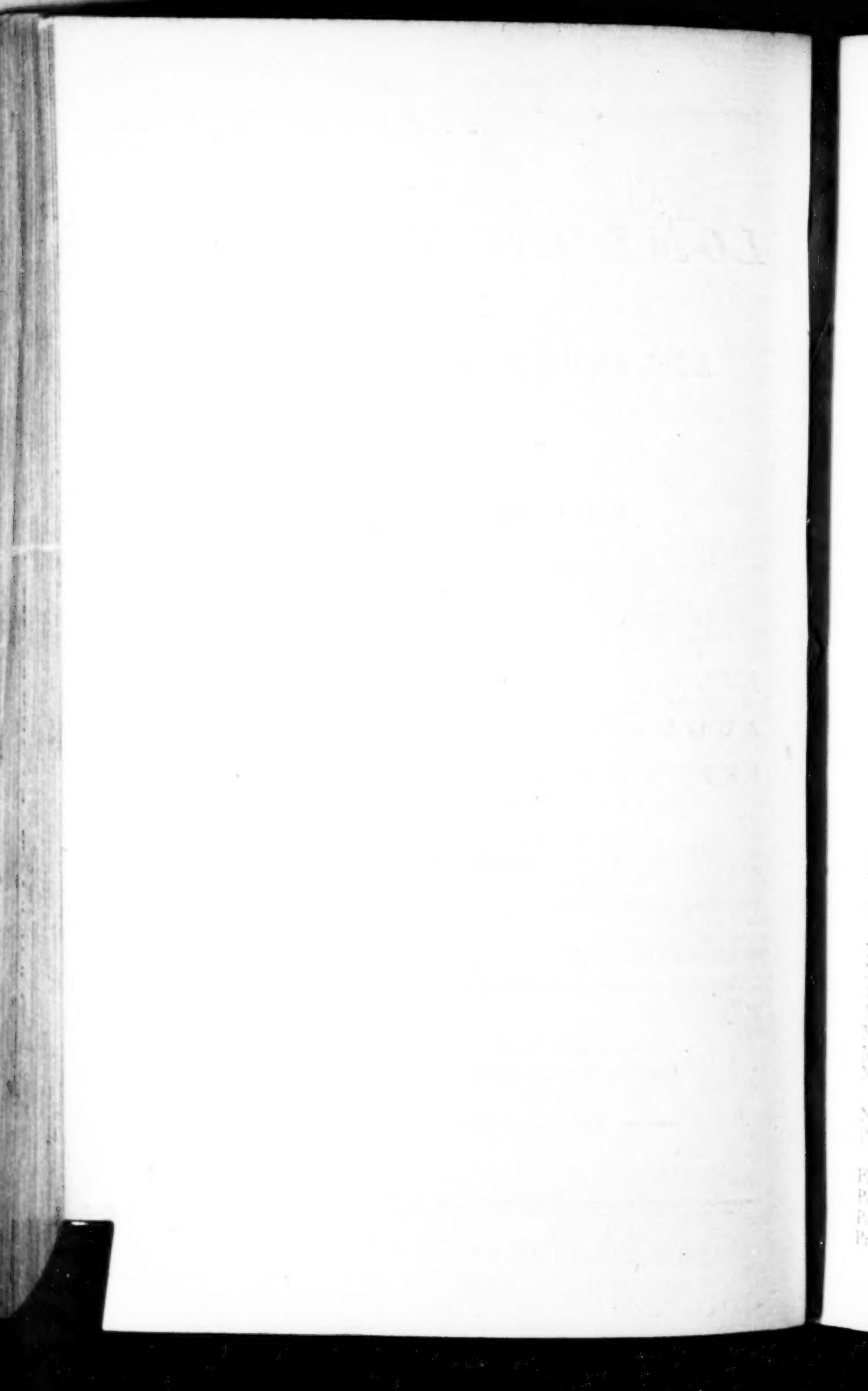
JUVENAL.

— Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.

Ov. MET. IV. 284.

LONDON:

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CONTENTS

OF THE

LONDON MAGAZINE

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1783.

ADDRESS to the Public	-	-	-	-	I
Antiquities	-	-	-	-	478
Astronomy	-	-	-	-	17, 100, 192, 343, 506
English Theatre	-	-	-	75, 166, 264, 348, 456, 553	
Hawkins' letter to the Court of East-India Directors	-	-	-	-	584
Irish Representation	-	-	-	-	458, 481, 591
Literary Review	-	-	-	44, 132, 235, 330, 429, 535	
Mathematical Questions	-	-	-	-	25, 101, 196
Mathematical Questions and Answers	-	-	-	-	288, 425, 507
Mathematics	-	-	-	-	21, 99
Mechanics	-	-	-	-	195
Medicine	-	-	-	-	162, 197, 346
Miscellaneous Papers	-	-	-	16, 110, 200, 293, 385, 517	
Monthly Chronology	-	-	-	82, 169, 269, 364, 461, 558, 620	
Natural History	-	-	-	-	107, 511
Parliamentary History	-	-	-	6, 89, 185, 281, 378, 465, 569	
Philosophy for July	-	-	11, 103, 257, 324, 446, 482, 566, 615		
Poetry	-	-	-	41, 128, 230, 321, 422, 503	
Poisscript	-	-	-	-	566
Prussian Contest	-	-	-	-	598

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

PLATES, if not well designed, and ably executed, are scarce worthy the notice of children; much less are they proper to be offered to an intelligent public. The Proprietors, therefore, of this work, resolved on every occasion, where plates were requisite, to procure the assistance of the most ingenious artists, whose labours might embellish their miscellany. With this view, they applied to Mr. Edward Burney, and Mr. Sherwin, and hope that the public will think the propriety of the choice sufficiently vindicated by the specimen which is now submitted to the purchasers of the London Magazine, enlarged and improved.

Their success has encouraged them to adorn their work with this expensive frontispiece; and as an allegorical print requires an explanation, the following is subjoined:

The GENIUS of the London Magazine is represented reclining at the feet of his protectress, the City of London, who is supported by Father Thames and Plenty. The Deities who preside over the several arts and sciences surround the Genius. On his right hand are the Gods of MEDICINE and POETRY, with the figure of CHRONOLOGY, nursing an INFANT, and holding the Torch of WEDLOCK in her hand, with that of LIFE extinguished at her side, as emblems of Births, Deaths, and Marriages. In the front, a female contemplating a globe, with a telescope at her side, personates GEOGRAPHY and ASTRONOMY. On the left hand of the Genius stands ELOQUENCE, the supporter and ornament of Literature, the Church, the Bar, and Senate. Behind him, in reference to the Theatre, stands the DRAMATIC MUSE, with a mask in her hand, while the patroness of MATHEMATICS and PHILOSOPHY is represented in a studious attitude describing a figure on a tablet.